

LIB G K v



गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार
पुस्तकालय



R

विषय संख्या

पुस्तक संख्या

आगत पंजिका संख्या

27
A

पुस्तक पर किसी प्रकार का निशान लगाना
वर्जित है। कृपया १५ दिन से अधिक समय
तक पुस्तक अपने पास न रखें। 759

080314



Acc 759 D
9.2.73

~~Acc 759 D~~

080314

सक मासी तस्या १९८४-१९८५

३५

स्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
हार्द्वार

VISHWA BHARATI

QUARTERLY.

1953 .

27
4

19 2/4
1 1953

ओ३म्

पुस्तक संख्या..... $\frac{27}{4}$

पञ्जिका संख्या..... 19 Summer 1953

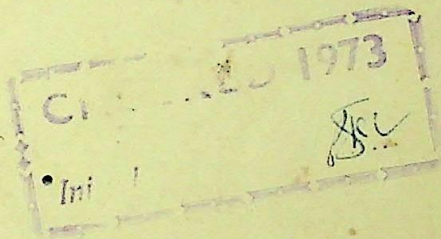
पुस्तक पर सर्व प्रकार की निशानियां लगाना
वर्जित है। कोई सज्जन पन्द्रह दिन से अधिक देर तक
पुस्तक अपने पास नहीं रख सकते। अधिक देर तक
रखने के लिये पुनः आज्ञा प्राप्त करनी चाहिये।

080314

Founded by RABINDRANATH TAGORE



080314



THE VISVABHARATI QUARTERLY

Editor KSHITIS ROY

VOLUME 19 NUMBER 1 SUMMER 1953

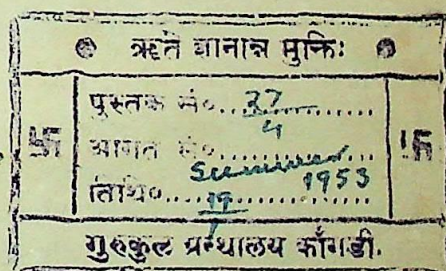
Printer and Publisher : Probhat Kumar Mukherjee, Santiniketan Press, Santiniketan, West Bengal

THE VISVABHARATI QUARTERLY



VOLUME 19 NUMBER 1 SUMMER 1953

<i>Rabindranath Tagore</i>	Old Letters	1
<i>Rabindranath Tagore</i>	Letters to His Wife	2
<i>Alfred S. Schenkman</i>	The Universities of India	20
<i>Roy North</i>	George Orwell	39
<i>Kshitimohan Sen</i>	The Bauls of Bengal : IV	57
	Book Reviews	76
	Books Received	87
	Contributors	89



ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Manishi Dey</i>	Paddy Husking : Pencil Sketch	facing p. 1
<i>Photograph</i>	Rabindranath : A Family Group	facing p. 17

THE VISVABHARATI QUARTERLY is not intended to be an exclusive organ of the Visvabharati, regarded as an institution localized at Santiniketan. It invites collaboration of writers, scholars and artists of different countries who, through disinterested pursuit of knowledge or creation or contemplation of beauty, are adding to the cultural heritage of Man. No particular creed is therefore advocated in these pages ; nor any responsibility undertaken for views that may find place therein, except such as is necessary to provide opportunity for free expression of ideas.

The Editor will be glad to consider manuscripts offered for publication. All possible care will be taken of such manuscripts, but no responsibility is assumed regarding them.

Manuscripts, books for review, and editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, The Visvabharati Quarterly, Santiniketan, West Bengal.

One volume of the Journal is issued every year in the following quarterly instalments : Summer (May-July) ; Autumn (August-October) ; Winter (November-January) ; and Spring (February-April).

Annual subscription rates are : In India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon — Rs 8-0-0 : Foreign — 3 dollars or 14 shillings inclusive of postage. Subscribers who desire that their copies should be sent by registered post, should send Re 1-8-0 extra per year, to cover the extra postage. A single copy costs Rs 2-8-0 (foreign 1 dollar or 4 shillings) inclusive of postage.

The subscription is payable strictly *in advance* for the subscription year which commences from May and ends in April of the following year.

Remittances should be made by draft or crossed cheques or by postal money order payable to the Karmasachiva (Registrar), Visvabharati, Santiniketan, West Bengal, India.

ensive
ed at
and
rsuit
ding
fore
for
y to

for
ipts,

ions
erly,

ving
ust-
ary-

and
sive
l be
ear,
8-o

ion
the

by
r),



PADDY HUSKING
Pencil Sketch by Manishi Dey

OLD LETTERS

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I found a few old letters of mine
carefully hidden in her box — a few small
toys for her memory to play with.

With a timorous heart she tried to
steal these trifles from time's turbulent
stream, and said, "These are mine
only !"

Ah, there is no one now to claim
them, who can pay their price with
loving care, yet here they are still.

Surely there is love in this world to
save her from utter loss, even like this
love of hers that saved these letters
with such fond care.

Rabindranath enshrined the memory of his wife, Mrinalini Devi (1872-1902), in a slender volume of deeply moving poems to which he gave the name *Smaran* (In Memoriam). The above is one such poem, translated by the Poet himself and included in his book *Fruit-Gathering* (NO. XLVII). It has a peculiar aptness as a preface to the letters published in the following pages.

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

These letters, dating from 1890 to 1901, were written by the Poet to his young wife, Mrinalini Devi, during their short separations. They had been married seven years before the date of the first letter, Mrinalini Devi being only eleven years of age and the Poet twenty-two at the time of marriage. Mrinalini Devi came from a comparatively obscure Brahmin family, had little formal education and was quite unsophisticated as the result of a childhood spent in the country, (Fultala of letter 34).

These letters cover a period of twelve years when the Poet's genius was blossoming richly and they reveal an unexpected side of his character, full of anxious solicitude, tender affection and a farsightedness mingled with a deep sense of responsibility. We have intimate glimpses of his personal life and witness the first stirrings of its later sublimation into a life of service and dedication.

The letters have been rendered into English by Lila Majumdar and are a selection from the first book of the *Chitthipatra* series published by the Visva-Bharati.—Ed.

Letter 2. Written on board *Siam*. Friday, 19 August, 1890.

We shall reach Aden today and touch land after a long time. But we may not go ashore for fear of infection. We shall have to change ship as soon as we arrive and that means a great deal of trouble.

I cannot tell you how sick I have been this time. For three days I brought up whatever I took in, my head grew dizzy, my body was in a whirl — I was absolutely bedridden — indeed I wonder how I managed to keep alive through it all.

On Sunday night I felt my soul leave my body and go to Jorasanko. You were lying on the edge of the big bed, Beli and Baby by your side.

I caressed you a little and said 'Little wife, remember that I left my body on Sunday night and came to see you — when I get back from Europe I shall ask you whether you saw me'.

Then I kissed Beli and Baby and came back.

Did you ever think of me when I was so ill? I longed to come back to you. Nowadays I always feel that there is no place like home. After I return this time, I shall not stir out again.

I took a bath today after a whole week. But there is no pleasure in bathing because the sea-water makes my whole body sticky and tangles my hair in a horrible gummy way — it feels funny. I think I shall not bathe again till I leave the ship.

It will be another week before we reach Europe. Once there, how glad I shall be to get ashore again. I am sick of the sea all day and night.

The sea however is quite calm nowadays, the ship does not roll so much and I am no longer ill. I lie on deck all day, in a long chair and talk with Loken or think or read.

At night too, we make our beds on deck and never enter our cabins if we can help it. The instant one goes indoors one feels uncomfortable.

It rained suddenly last night and we had to drag our beds to where the rain could not reach us. Since then it has been raining continuously, but we had beautiful, sunny weather yesterday.

There are two or three little girls on board. They have lost their mother and are going to England with their father. I feel so sorry when I look at them. The father is always with them, but he does not know how to dress them properly or to do anything.

They walk in the rain and if he objects they tell him they like to do it. He only laughs and I think he has not the heart to stop them because they play so happily.

They remind me of my own babies. I dreamed of Beli last night, that she had come on board and was looking so lovely

that I cannot describe it. Tell me what to bring them when I return home.

If you answer this letter as soon as you receive it, I might get your reply while I am still in England. Remember that Tuesdays are mail days. Kiss the children for me.

Letter 5. Kaligram. December, 1890.

I arrived at Kaligram today. It has taken me three days travelling through various places. First the big river, then the little river with trees on either side beautiful to see. The river narrows gradually till it is no more than a canal with high banks, and the air is stuffy.

Beyond this, the water rushes out in a strong current and it took nearly twenty-five men to hold our boat back.

There is a huge lake named Chalanbil, from which the water flows into the river. We pushed upstream with great difficulty and after avoiding many dangers, entered the lake.

Here the water stretched all around us with clumps of grass at intervals, as if the summer rain had collected in a vast meadow. Sometimes the boat touched bottom and had to be pushed and pulled for an hour or so before it would float again. The mosquitoes were terrible.

The long and the short of it is that I do not care for the lake at all.

Afterwards there were small rivers and little lakes and at last we arrived. I hate to think that I shall have to take the same route back to Birahimpore.

This river has no current. Slime floats on the surface, with clumps of growth here and there and an odour like that of the stagnant village tanks, and I expect there will be plenty of mosquitoes at night too. If I find it too much I shall run away straight to Calcutta. Indeed I felt like going home immediately

when I read my sweet Belu-rani's letter. She misses me, does she? With her tiny little mind, how ever can that be? Tell her I shall bring back loads of "odd" and jam for her.

I dreamed of the Baby last night, that I was fondling him and liking it. Has he started to say a few words now? I seem to remember Bela talking fifteen to the dozen at his age. It is not cold there? I shiver in the bitter cold here.

They tied the boat in a stuffy place last night and drew down the curtains. The closeness woke me up and on top of it some people started singing at that hour of the night (1 or 2 A. M.) "How much longer will you sleep? Awake, awake, beloved!" The boatman stopped the singing but the words rang in my ears continuously "Awake, awake, beloved!" till I felt ill. Finally I raised the curtains and fell asleep towards dawn.... I may be able to leave here after a fortnight but I am not yet certain.

Letter 11. Shahjadpur. 26 June, 1892.

It has become rather stormy here since yesterday with the wind blowing from all quarters, rain at intervals and the sky overcast with clouds. I am inclined to believe the weather forecast of a terrific storm tomorrow. I wish you would come down from the second floor rooms and spend tomorrow in the first floor drawing-room; only, if there really is a storm, all my advice will be useless because you will not receive this letter till the day after tomorrow....

I felt depressed after reading your letter yesterday. If, under all circumstances, we have the strength to keep to the straight and true path, there is no reason why our peace of mind should be disturbed by the evil conduct of other people. I believe that, with a little effort, one may train one's mind in such a manner.

I have made a resolution myself to try always to do my duty unmoved by anything and not to be in the least discouraged by

what others may say or do. How far I shall succeed I do not know.

If every day one performs each task tirelessly and with personal care, such discontent with oneself and with one's environment will never have the chance to grow. In whatever circumstances one may find oneself, it is always possible to perform one's daily duties cheerfully and with satisfaction. Should by any chance some dissatisfaction arise in the heart, the more it is cherished the more unjustifiably it will grow. I must try to consider it as insignificant, and of course do my utmost to remedy it; and what I cannot achieve I must try to accept with indomitable courage, as the good will of God. There is no other way to be truly happy upon this earth....

Letter 13. On the boat. Shelidah. 1892.

I felt sad on reading your letter before I left Shelidah today. In a way it is just as well that you are coming back, otherwise I would not feel like returning to Calcutta and I would have hated it, once I arrived there. Besides, I have not been keeping so well lately and have often felt the need of your company.

Yet I know full well that the longer you remain in Sholapur the better for you. I had dearly hoped that the children would come back disciplined, trained and improved. However, nothing in this life is wholly within attainment. One must always do one's duty as far as is possible in those circumstances under which one must eventually live. One must do as well as one can and it is not possible to do any more.

Little wife, do not cherish discontent in your heart, no good will ever come of that. One must go through life cheerfully and contentedly, but with a strong purpose. I am myself of a discontented turn of mind and accordingly I suffer meaninglessly.

But you must needs be very cheerful, otherwise life will become gloomy.

I shall do my utmost, but little one, you must not be secretly unhappy and dissatisfied. You know, my dear, how I worry over trifles, but you do not know how I have to sit all alone and reason with myself to calm down. Dispel these discontented moods of mine, do not share them.

If you have already started, we shall meet in Calcutta. I shall try to take you to Orissa with me. The place is very healthy. I have already let Father know something of my wishes, and he understands.....But do not be too hopeful.

I am inclined to think you will receive this letter too in Sholapur, because some eight or ten days will probably elapse beyond the appointed date before you finally make up your mind to set out. However that remains to be seen....

Letter 16. Shelidah. June, 1898.

I returned from Dacca today and found your letter here. I shall complete my business at Kaligram quickly and proceed to Calcutta to make adequate arrangements about everything.

But my dear, do not upset yourself needlessly. Try to accept everything that happens in a calm, quiet and contented manner. It is the only rule I always bear in mind and try to practise in life. I am not always successful, but if you too would cherish this peace of mind, I think I could gain strength from our mutual efforts and find the peace that is born of contentment.

Of course you are much younger than I, and your experience of life is very limited, but in a way your nature is more quietly controlled and more patient than mine. That is why it is not so necessary for you to protect your mind from every kind of disappointment. But in everybody's life, at some time or other,

there come great crises ; at such times the cultivation of patience and the habit of contentment stand one in good stead.

Then it is that one feels that the little losses and oppositions, the insignificant hurts and pains with which our minds have been beset and preoccupied, are of no real consequence.

Let us give love and do good to others and perform our duties to one another with a sweet cheerfulness ; then it will not matter what happens. After all, life is not for very long and all our joys and sorrows are subject to perpetual change.

To find things going contrary to our self-interest, to suffer loss, to be deceived — it is hard to take such things lightly ; but unless we do so, the burden of life grows unbearable and it becomes impossible to preserve the high ideals of our souls.

If we fail to do so, if day after day we lay waste our lives in dissatisfaction and distraction, in a continual struggle with the petty adversities of circumstance, then indeed our lives will have been lived in vain. A great peacefulness, a generous detachment, selfless affection and disinterested service, these are the things that make life worth-while.

If you can discover peace within yourself and can give comfort to those around you, then there will be more purpose in your life than in that of an empress. My dear, if you allow your mind to fret unchecked, it will turn against itself. Most of our sorrows are created by ourselves.

Do not be annoyed with me for lecturing you in such high sounding words. You do not know the intense urge of the soul with which I speak. That the strong ties of my love and respect for you and my easy comradeship with you may now grow still closer, that this immaculate peacefulness and joy may grow dearer than anything else in life, that all the little griefs and despairs of everyday may grow insignificant in comparison—this is what attracts my eyes nowadays as something intensely desirable.

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE .

9

There is a strong headiness in the passionate love between a young man and woman, but this you must have realised in your own life. It is in maturer age, in the vicissitudes of a life more varied and extended, that a true, lasting, deep, controlled and wordless love manifests itself. As one's own world grows larger, the outer world moves farther away ; that is why, in a way, the larger one's household grows, the more occasion there is to be by ourselves, and the ties of intimacy bring us all the closer to each other.

There is nothing more beautiful than the human soul. Whenever one observes it from close quarters, whenever one is brought face to face with it, then it is that true love is born. And then there remain no more illusions, there is no need to deify each other, there are no more passionate storms in union or at parting, but there radiates a pure light of natural joy and undoubting dependence, whether near together or far apart, in security and in danger, in want as well as in wealth.

I realise you have known sorrow on my account, but this too I know for certain that, because of this sorrow you have borne, you will one day find a great happiness. The happiness one may find in the forgiveness and suffering of love is not to be found in the fulfilment of desire and in self-satisfaction.

Of late it has come to be the only desire of my soul that our lives may be easy and straight-forward ; our way of living be without outward show and full of goodness ; our wants be few ; our ideals high ; our efforts selfless ; and that our country's needs may be of more importance than our own. Even though our own children move far away from this ideal, may you and I remain, to the very end, the support of each other's humanity and the refuge of each other's worn-out-weary soul, and so bring our lives to a beautiful conclusion.

That is why I am so anxious to take you away from that stone-temple of self-interest which is Calcutta, far away into

the lonely countryside. In Calcutta there is no way of forgetting profit and loss, mine and thine ; there, one is always beset by petty material things, till in the end the high purpose of life is broken up into a thousand pieces. But over here, a little is quite enough and the false may never be mistaken for the true.... Here it is not so difficult to remember the injunction :

Accept with resignation and a stout heart

Whatsoever may befall thee—whether joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure.

Letter 19. Calcutta, 1899.

What *are* you doing ? If you give yourself up in this way to your own anxieties, whatever will happen to you in this life ? As long as one lives, death is certain to knock at one's door many times. There is nothing so sure as death. If you do not teach yourself to accept God as your one true friend in the face of death, there will be no limit to your unhappiness.

Nitu is better and is gradually improving. For a short time a doctor had to stay with us all night and give him his medicines and so on. He did not come yesterday as there was no more need for him, so I had to shoulder the night's responsibilities all by myself.... There is cause for hope now, but since nothing is certain, one should be prepared for all eventualities.... You are only prostrated with grief, I am exhausted with work.

Nowadays I am not much afraid of death in any form, but I am worried about you. Such a desolate, despairing, lost soul as yours appears to me an object greatly to be pitied.

Letter 20. 1899.

I try to get rid of that anxiety for the children which always keeps gnawing at my mind. We should always do, to the best of our ability, whatever is needful for their welfare and good

training, but it is a mistake to keep our minds preoccupied with this. They will live their own lives and be good, bad or indifferent as the case may be. Though they are our children, yet they are separate beings and we have no authority over the paths they will tread with their joys and sorrows, their good deeds and bad, their work and their achievements, for all time. We must simply carry out our duties and not pathetically and longingly await results.

It is in God's hands, the kind of men and women they will grow into. We must not cherish too high hopes for them.

This tenderness of mine for my own son, this urgent ambition of mine that he should excel over all — these things are born of my pride, to a great extent. I have no right to expect so much of my son. So many peoples' sons fall into difficulties, but how little sympathy we have for them! No matter how much one might try to achieve in this life, the results vary according to circumstances and no one can control them. Therefore, only this much is in our hands, that we should do our duty and not permit ourselves to be uselessly distressed about results.

We must build up the strength to accept both good and evil easily.... Whenever the mind is inclined to be disturbed, I must control myself and learn to be free; I must remind myself that I am separate from the joys and griefs and effects of this world, that I do not belong to this world alone. What connection had I with this world in the eternity which was my past, and what place will these joys and sorrows, this good and evil, these gains and losses, have in the eternity which is my future?

Wherever and for whatever length of time we may live, we must execute our duties with care and we do not need to worry about anything else....

Letter 25. Calcutta, December, 1900.

I was delighted to receive two letters from you today, but I have no time to write an adequate reply for I must go to Bolpur today.

I read the draft of my sermon to Father today and he asked me to amplify certain passages, so I must get down to it at once for I have but an hour or so.

You do not have to try very hard to make me happy, your sincere love will be enough. Of course if you and I could be comrades in all our work and in all our thoughts it would be splendid, but we cannot attain all that we desire.

If you could share with me whatever I do and whatever I learn, I should be happy. If I could let you know whatever I wish to know and if you too could learn with me whatever I wish to learn — that would be happiness indeed. If we would only try to go forward together in all things in life, progress would be easy. I do not wish to leave you behind in anything, but, at the same time, I am nervous about forcing you to do anything against your inclination.

Everyone has his own tastes, desires and rights. It is not in your hands to identify yourself wholly with my wishes and inclinations. Therefore instead of fretting about it, if you sweeten my life with your love and care and try to spare me needless pain, your efforts will be of tremendous value to me.

Letter 26. Shelidah, 1901.

I could not write to you yesterday because of the ceremonies which take place when the tenants pay their New Year rents. I had arrived at Shelidah on the evening of the day before. The empty house yawned at me. I had thought I would enjoy the quiet of the lonely house after the various harassments of

many days. But the mind was at first unwilling to enter alone where we have always been accustomed to live together and where many tokens of such living are in evidence. Particularly when I went into the house, tired out after my journey and with no one to look after my wants, to be glad and to show tenderness, it all seemed very empty. I tried to read but I could not.

When I came in after looking over the garden and everything else, the empty room lit by a kerosene lamp appeared emptier.

The upstairs rooms seemed more vacant. I came down again, trimmed the lamp and tried to read once more. But it was no use.

We had dinner early and went to bed. I slept in the west room upstairs and Rathi in the east room. It was really cold at night; I had to cover myself with my woollen rug. In the day too it is fairly cold.

The rent-collecting was completed yesterday with music and prayers and so on. In the evening a party of kirtan-singers came to the court-house and we listened to them till eleven at night.

Your herb garden is full now. But the greens have been planted so closely that they have no room to grow. We shall send you some of your greens with the other things. A number of pumpkins have been put away. The rose-trees that Nitu sent are in full bloom, but the greater part of them are the odourless variety. He was cheated badly. The tube roses, the gardenias, the malati, the passiflora, the mehedi are flowering profusely. The lady-of-the night too is in flower, but there is no perfume. I think flowers lose their perfume in the rainy season.

The tank is full to the brim. The sugarcane in front has grown well. The fields all around are full of corn to the very limit, all green without a break. Everybody asks, "When will mother be here?".....

Letter 29. Shelidah, June 1901.

When the rent-collecting celebrations were over I set my hand to my writing again. Once engrossed in my writing I am like a landed fish which has found the water again. Now the loneliness of this place gives me complete protection, the little details of life no longer touch me and I very easily forgive those who have been my enemies.

I can easily understand why you feel oppressed by loneliness ; indeed I would have been happy could I share with you my enjoyment in this mood, but it is something which no one may give to another.

When you leave the crowds of Calcutta and find yourself in the midst of the emptiness here, you will not like it in the beginning and even when you do get used to it, you will feel a repressed impatience within you. But tell me what else I can do when my life grows barren in Calcutta. That is why my temper is upset and I fret against every little thing and I cannot sincerely forgive everyone, cannot abandon strife and so preserve my own peace of mind.

Besides, Rathi and the others can never be properly educated there, everyone is so restless. For all these reasons you must resign yourself to a sentence of exile. Perhaps later on, when I can afford it, I shall be able to select a better place, but I shall never be able to bury all my powers in Calcutta.

Now heavy clouds gather and darken the sky and the rain begins to fall. I have shut all the glass windows of my room downstairs and while I write to you I enjoy the sight of the rain falling. You could never see so wonderful a sight from your first floor room over there. The gentle, dusky, new summer rain over the green fields all round me looks beautiful.

I am writing a critical essay on "Meghdut". If I could portray in my essay the deep duskiess of this heavy summer day, if I

could give to my readers the greenness of Shelidah's green fields in some permanent form, how would it be? In my books I have said so many things in so many ways, but where can I find this array of clouds, this movement of branches, this ceaseless fall of rain, this thick-shadowed embracement of earth and sky?

How, easily, how naturally this lonely rainy day gathers over the solitude of the fields, over the earth and the water and the sky; how the sunless mid-afternoon of idle cloudy June gathers around me, and yet I can leave no trace of all this in my writings!

No one will ever know how I strung these words together in my mind, or when or where, in the long leisurely hours and in this lonely house. The rain has stopped after a particularly heavy shower, so this is the time to send my letter to the post.

Letter 30. Shelidah, 1901.

.....Our mangoes are almost finished and unless you send us some more we shall be in difficulties. We are having very simple meals and keeping very fit....I brought the cook along with me, but how are you managing? Over here Kunja and Phatik are carrying on quite smoothly between the two of them. Shelidah is very quiet without Bipin's loud voice. I like it here because everything is done without any great to do. When Bipin is around, one feels that the whole world is set about with the flurry of endless business, so that no one has any time to breathe.

I like work to be done without a word, silently and with regularity. I do not like much show but that everything should be done easily, neatly and efficiently, according to rule, simply and silently.

One must acknowledge this advantage about living alone, that there is no evidence of any vigorous effort or much para-

phernalia around one. The mind, therefore, feels free. My heart feels light to think that there is no turmoil in the world merely because I exist. Now my leisure hours seem very expansive, very extended, because no one rushes about me, panting and shouting and giving orders.

At the right time each morning I have two mangoes, then rice for midday lunch, two more mangoes in the afternoon, and hot *luchis* and fried things at night — simple and regular meals, so that one feels hungry and can enjoy them, and there need be no frequent calls for medicines.

If we cannot simplify our lives in one way or another there is no room for true happiness, all the space for happiness and contentment is taken up by material things and noises and arrangements and accounts. The very search for ease makes ease impossible.

The truest fulfilment of manhood consists in less stress on the affairs of the outer world and more concentration on the affairs of the mind. If our lives are loaded down with little matters we must needs exclude the greater things; insignificant matters complicate our lives and we are embroiled in strife with everyone.

Day and night my inmost being yearns for free open spaces, not only the freedom of the skies, winds and light, but freedom from the business of life, from arrangements and furnishings, from the display of thought and effort.

Our meals and clothes and conduct of life must all be simple, restrained, moderate and neat. There must be a natural and calm frugality everywhere, no drawing rooms or dining rooms and no luxury, plain bare beds for all, peace and contentment, no rivalry or enmity or arrogance. Then only will our lives have the chance to make themselves fruitful....

RLY
part
ely
ve,
and
nen
and
als,
be
e is
nd
ge-
ase
he
irs
we
ers
ne.
es,
om
gs,
le,
nd
ns
nt,
es



Rabindranath : a family group

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE •

17

Letter 31. Shelidah, 1901.

It is very hot here. I am quite fit but I am not sleeping well at night. I wake up late in the night and sit in the moonlight. There is no dew at all.

As I sat there last night I remembered that you had spent many evenings and nights in deep sorrow, here on this terrace. I too have many painful memories associated with this terrace.

If you could sit here in the moonlight, late at night, I believe your mind would once more become overcast.

Nowadays I see this world as in a mirage. Should any regrets arise in my mind, they slide off like water on a lotus leaf. I tell myself that before a hundred years are over this history of our joys and sorrows and loves will fade into nothing. Besides, when I gaze at the limitless celestial sphere and when I bring my soul face to face with Him who stands as the silent witness of this infinity, then all our transitory joys and sorrows, in their very minuteness, are brushed away like cobwebs and may be seen no more.

Letter 34. Santiniketan July, 1901.

I have just come back after leaving Bela in her new home. It is not what you may imagine from a distance; Bela is quite contented there. There is no doubt that she likes her new way of life. We are now no longer necessary to her.

I have come to the conclusion that, at least for a short period immediately after marriage, a girl should keep away from the company of her parents and give herself unrestricted opportunity for uniting herself with her husband in every way. The presence of her parents in the midst of this union interferes with it, because the habits and tastes of her husband's family and her father's are not the same and there are bound to be differences of opinion. Such being the case, with her parents near at hand

a girl cannot forget her old ways and identify herself wholly with her husband. Since one must give away one's daughter why try to retain any influence over her? In such circumstances one must consider the girl's welfare and happiness. What is the use of her considering our happiness or misery and adding paternal attachments to those of her husband's home?

Remember that Bela is quite happy and try to console your own grief at separation. I can say with certainty that had we clung round them the result would not have been good. Because they are far away, the affection between them and us will always remain the same. When they come to us for the Pujah holidays or when we go to them, we shall all enjoy a deep and fresh delight.

In every kind of love there should be a certain amount of separation and detachment. No good ever comes of completely swamping each other. If Rani too goes far away after her marriage, it will be good for her. Of course she will be near us for the first couple of years but, after that, as soon as she is old enough, she should be sent entirely away from us for her own good.

The education, tastes, customs, language and way of thinking of our family are different from those of all other families in Bengal; that is why it is all the more necessary for our girls to remove themselves from us after marriage. Otherwise every little detail of her new life might be so irksome to the girl, that it might influence her respect for and dependence upon her husband. All the faults of Rani's nature will be corrected as soon as she is separated from her parental home, but she will never get rid of her old associations if she keeps in close contact with us.

Think of yourself. If I had lived in Fultala after marrying you, your nature and your behaviour would have been quite different. Where one's children are concerned, one should

entirely disregard one's own happiness. They were not born for our happiness. Our only happiness consists in their welfare and in the fulfilment of their lives.

All day yesterday memories of Bela's childhood kept coming back to my mind. How carefully I reared her with my own hands ; how naughty she would be, penned in by her pillows ; how she would shout and hurl herself on any small child of her own age whom she met ; how greedy she was but how good-natured ; how I would bathe her myself in the Park Street house ; how I gave her warm milk to drink at night at Darjeeling. I keep remembering the time when first my love for her stirred in my heart. But she does not know of these things and it is better so. Let her bind herself to her new home without pain and fulfil her life with faith and affection and household duties. Let there be no regrets in our hearts.

Arriving in Santiniketan today I am steeped in peacefulness. One cannot imagine from afar how necessary it is to come away like this from time to time. Surrounded by the limitless sky and the wind and the light, I am, as it were, nursed in the arms of the primal mother.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA

THEIR YESTERDAY AND THEIR TODAY

ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

RASHDALL speaks of the "servile fidelity" with which the "institutions of a mother-university are reproduced in its daughters". This "servile fidelity" is very much apparent in the universities of India. The three oldest, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, were founded in 1857 and were modelled after the University of London. The University of London underwent some radical changes in 1858, but for many years these reforms were not reflected in the Indian daughter institutions. Their fidelity was to the past ! In many respects, it still is.

The Indian university movement takes concrete form with the famous Wood's Despatch¹ of 1854. Sir Charles Wood, the then President of the Board of Control of the East India Company, forwarded to India from London a plan for "creating a properly articulated scheme of education, from the primary school to the university."² One immediate result of this Despatch of 1854 was the founding of the three provincial universities,

¹ Some scholars credit John Stuart Mill with the actual writing of the Despatch.

² Space does not permit us to discuss here the details of the scheme save as it relates to universities. Nor does space permit us to discuss the tremendous problems of secondary and primary education in India. (*The Report of the Secondary Education Commission of the Government of India*, just out, August, 1953, should be consulted by those who want a picture of pre-university education). As regards the "articulation" of education in India, Tagore's comment should not be out of place: "In the educational structure of our country, the provision of a stairway between its lower and upper floors has been left out of its plan from the very beginning. Thus the lower storey has borne the burden of the upper storey overhead but has not been able to use it. The occupants of the former have to pay for the ladder, but cannot avail of it." (Rabindranath Tagore, "Making Education Our Own", in Bulletin No. 1, New Education Fellowship, Santiniketan, West Bengal, 1936). In the educational history of a country with problems as tremendous as those of India, 1936 is "today".

THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA

as aforesaid at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.³ These universities, as conceived by the author of the Despatch, were not to be themselves "places of education", but they were to test "the value of the education given elsewhere".⁴

As originally set up, then, the Universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, were examining bodies and colleges were "affiliated" as they were to the London University of that time. The three universities between them were to serve the whole territory of India and British Burma, an obviously vast expanse of land. The University of Calcutta, to give further history, had soon after its founding 18 affiliated colleges in (undivided) Bengal, seven in the North West Provinces, one in the Central Provinces, and two in Ceylon.⁵ The Punjab University was founded in 1882 and the Allahabad University in 1887. This reduced the territorial jurisdiction and considerably lightened the labours of the old University of Calcutta. In like manner, but at much later dates, there were universities founded to serve regions previously under the jurisdiction of the old Universities of Bombay and Madras and also of this "reformed" University of Calcutta. Today, universities dot the map of India, and there are thirty of them "recognized" by the Government of India.⁶

In 1899 Lord Curzon of Kedleston took over as Viceroy of India. He appointed a University Commission in 1902. The Commission recommended a stricter and more systematic supervision of the colleges by the universities, and the imposition

³ 1857, the year of their founding, was the year of the Sepoy Mutiny. In 1858 Queen Victoria took over from the "Honourable East India Company", and the Empire of India was born. Lord Stanley's Despatch of 1859 formally accepted the principles of Wood's Despatch.

⁴ They were, incidentally, to pass "every student of ordinary ability who has fairly profited by the curriculum of school and college study which he has passed through, the standard required being such as to command respect without discouraging the efforts of deserving students." Today, often the "efforts of deserving students" are discouraged!

⁵ *Cambridge History of India*, vol VI, Cambridge (England), 1932.

⁶ As of March 31st, 1953.

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

of more exacting conditions of affiliation.⁷ It also recommended that the universities themselves should take on certain teaching functions, and that university government should be reorganized. The Indian Universities Act of 1904 implemented these proposals. Despite tremendous opposition to it, this Act succeeded in making universities more efficient in administration, though it did not radically *reform* the existing pattern.⁸

In empowering universities to offer teaching in their own name and under their own management, the Act of 1904 meant a good step forward. Calcutta, under Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, began to encourage teaching and research. The Calcutta University Commission Report, published in 1919,⁹ catalyzed the development of "unitary and teaching" universities. And today a number of the Indian universities are of this type, having no affiliated colleges at all.

7 There are still Universities and University Commissions recommending this. Thus the Calcutta University, testifying before the post-Independence University Education Commission (the Radhakrishnan Commission) says on this point: "So far as the University of Calcutta is concerned it should have greater control over its affiliated or constituent colleges without impairing their integrity. Due to historical and political reasons colleges have grown up practically with little supervision by the University. The University today recommends affiliation to Government. It has the statutory right of disaffiliating colleges. But here again disaffiliation depends upon Government sanction. The University demands of colleges certain minimum standards. But its powers with regard to this matter are more or less based upon custom and convention than upon statute. The University as such does not send representatives to the Governing Bodies of the constituent colleges..." (*Report of the University Education Commission*, Vol II, Part I, Government of India Press, Simla, 1951, p. 145.)

8 As Lord Curzon said in Simla on Sept. 20, 1905, "In the rut into which it had sunk, I doubt if European education in India, as we were conducting it, could be described as a preparation for living at all, except in the purely materialistic sense, where unhappily it was too true. But of real living, the life of the intellect, the character, the soul, I fear that the glimpses that were obtainable were rare and dim." (*Ibid*, p. 110, quoted in testimony of R. K. Singh).

9 We are not able here to discuss in detail the far-reaching consequences of this epoch-making report. Most University Acts passed since the time of its appearance embody in some manner the schemes recommended by the eminent educators who made up this Commission. Indeed, in the opinion of this reviewer, the *Report of the Calcutta University Commission* of 1917-19 is the most important document in Indian education. Here is a

Indeed, we may group the universities of India into three main types. First, there is the old-type affiliating institution, having no university teaching departments and in most cases no "constituent colleges" (colleges run directly by the university). Here we place the Agra University, the Jammu and Kashmir University, the Gujerat University, and Bihar University. (Also the S. N. D. T. Women's University in Bombay — which has two constituent colleges). This is the type of institution which shows the greatest fidelity to the past, and four of these five universities were founded in the last few years.¹⁰

Secondly, there are affiliating and teaching universities. Here fall the three ancient institutions (Calcutta, Madras, Bombay) and many others such as Mysore (founded in 1916), Osmania (1918), Nagpur (1923), Rajputana (1947), Poona (1948), and the (new) Punjab University (also founded after the partition of India). These all have their own teaching departments or constituent colleges, or both, as well as affiliated colleges.¹¹ Thirdly, there are the "residential, teaching, and unitary" universities. Of this type are Aligarh University (1921), the (reconstituted) Allahabad University (1921), Annamalai (1929), Lucknow (1921), and Roorkee (1948).

summary of the purpose of the Commission, as given in the first volume of the *Report*: "As regards general terms of reference, the Commission will be empowered to inquire into the working of the present organization of the University of Calcutta and its affiliated colleges, the standards, the examinations, and the distribution of teachers; to consider at what places and in what manner provision should be made in Bengal for teaching and research for persons above the secondary school age; to examine the suitability of the present situation and constitution of the university and make such suggestions as may be necessary for their modifications; to make recommendations as to the qualifications to be demanded of students on their admission to the university, as to the value to be attached outside the university to the degrees conferred by it, and as to the relations which should exist between the university and its colleges or departments and between the university and the Government....."

¹⁰ 1948, 50, 51, and 52.

¹¹ Thus Mysore and Nagpur, have no independent teaching departments; Bombay and Calcutta have no constituent colleges.

These for the most part have a pleasant and healthy atmosphere, but for many reasons, especially shortage of funds, residential universities cannot be expected to displace the other two types.¹²

Now, there is in India something of a prestige ranking of the universities. This is neither good nor realistic. Indians are, as it were, overawed by traditional reputations. Professors in Calcutta, for instance, talk down Lucknow. And Madras University, which has a reputation of being one of India's best, looks down on Patna University or Travancore or Saugor. Delhi University, and Aligarh and Banares, the other Centrally supported universities,¹³ are rising in prestige because of their financially favoured positions. The relative prestige of Indian universities is changing; of that there is no question. But there is a prestige hierarchy.

Yet the prevalent belittling of the degrees of the non-prestige universities by the graduates of the prestige institutions, bad as it is, is as nothing compared to the general belittling of Indian degrees and of Indian universities by Indians themselves, especially those who have been abroad. Usually Indians act as if the product of the Calcutta University or of Madras is *automatically* inferior to the Cambridge or Manchester product. Historically, of course, this is the result of the former Indian Civil Service being open mainly to those with Oxford and Cambridge degrees. But there are still today "vested interests" in Indian education who manage to create, or maintain, an atmosphere

¹² This is the consensus of the experts testifying before the Radhakrishnan Commission. Thus (Vol 1, p. 125) "On the whole, in view of the huge population of India, the needs of the different provinces and of different strata of population aspiring for university education, I do not think a purely unitary university will serve the purpose....." or again, (p. 182), "The affiliating type has come to stay, and though I emphasise stringent control in the matter of allowing institutions to be affiliated, its existence.... cannot be wiped out."

¹³ We leave out here consideration of the Visva-Bharati University in Santiniketan because it is a special case.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA

25

where labels and degrees other than British labels, other than Oxford and Cambridge degrees, are "second-rate." In other words the citizens of new India have the habit of belittling their own universities and diplomas. There are, of course, enough reasons for criticizing the Indian universities, but there is a frustration factor in this belittling business that we cannot ignore.

When Cambridge or London, say, refuse to recognize Calcutta or Lucknow degrees, it is not infrequent that the frustrated individual (or group) gives vent to very natural feelings by joining the belittling bandwagon — belittle Calcutta, belittle California, belittle the Dutch engineering degree, the Austrian medical degree, the American Ph. D., the Danish agricultural diploma, and so on. The vested interests in Indian education, namely, the Indian graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, not unnaturally foster this belittling process. They help also in spreading these strange notions about the value of American degrees, or Australian, or Dutch.

But actually a student can get as good an education in, say, the University of Delhi or the University of Allahabad as in the Universities of Durham (England), Arizona, Virginia, Vermont or Nottingham. This is seldom realized by Indians because they usually know only about (and make comparisons only with) the best institutions of America or Britain. The "habit" of always looking blindly to the "traditional" universities is all too firmly engrained in India. It prevents the people from being receptive to new and different and possibly better ideas. The Indian habit of putting a halo over the head of the foreigner, of every foreigner, is also harmful.¹⁴

¹⁴ In spite of the declared regulations that "other things being equal Indians should be hired," other things are too seldom equal and India gets too many second-rate experts from Western countries. We are not thinking here of those possibly forced on the country by the U. N., by Technical Assistance, etc.... We are thinking of those whom Indians invite themselves. *Example*: A team of medical experts recently arrived at a Delhi Hospital. The team

When we criticize, as we must, certain aspects of the university system in India, we must never forget that universities everywhere can be criticized for many faults and shortcomings. Also, universities everywhere face problems and difficulties. University education in India is much better than is generally assumed in India. To be sure, there are the prestige differences that we have already mentioned — between the relatively new Indian universities and the old, established — the super-established — Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, and Upsala and Utrecht. But of fundamental differences there are few, and this cannot be stressed too much. The “building blocks” are the same everywhere. Let it be said that the building blocks are often very poorly prepared in the Indian secondary schools. But it is a mistake to think, as so many Indians do think, that the British and American and Belgian and Australian secondary schools do so much better a job of preparing students for their universities.

Patrick Geddes was one of the more than four hundred people who “answered questions” for the Calcutta University Commission of 1917-19. Here is what he wrote in answer to the Commission’s first question, “Do you consider that the existing system of university education affords to young Indians of ability full opportunity of obtaining the highest training? If not, in what main respects do you consider the existing system deficient from this point of view?” (Geddes’ answer is just

included two British nurses who were supposed to give information about the most advanced methods in a certain field. The Hospital already had on its staff Indian nurses who had trained more than a few years in London *with* the girls coming out, presumably to spread advanced knowledge. But when the Indian nurses had tried to modernize methods in this Hospital, to share what they had learned, to make themselves as effective as they could be, they were promptly opposed at every step by superiors. They were already frustrated at every turn, and now the Hospital adds the crowning touch and invites British colleagues, with the same labels and backgrounds, to do what they themselves had been opposed in.

as accurate today, thirty-five years later, as it was in 1917 or 18) :

"No ; the existing system is not merely deficient ; it is a wrong system. However, this may be mitigated by the individual teachers at their best. For the old and false psychology and pedagogy, now and increasingly discredited in all living schools, is still, and peculiarly, conserved in the universities. Witness, e. g. :—

(a) The essential insistence on passive memorising of lecture notes and text-books, in short on cram for the examinations.

(b) Mass instruction, without sufficient individual contact with teachers, and free questioning of them accordingly.

(c) Insistence on details, and examination too much on these, with insufficient general comprehension and appreciation of the subject.

(d) Deficiency of practical and original work.

(e) Individualistic distinctions, by examination results too much apart from the above considerations.

(f) Attainment of mere bread-winning employment, too much apart from true professional ambitions.

(g) Starvation of aesthetic, practical, social, and moral interests generally, inevitable on any diet of mere knowledge.

(h) Resultant college atmosphere too much exhaled from solitary drudgeries, and these in prevalent anxiety and fear — fear alike of the approaching examinations and of future uselessness.

(i) Consequent scarcity of true academic life, that of vivid adolescence inspired and guided by vital senescence, all feeling at leisure and liberty, yet concentrating through these towards active study and discussion, and through (thus clarified) social purpose towards more and more effective attainment and service."¹⁵

Yes. Even a casual observer of Indian universities cannot help noticing that students in India are not primarily interested in education (or even in training). They want labels, and good labels. Since the labelling process makes use of examinations, they want merely to pass examinations. This, of course, is not confined to India alone. But such emphasis as students have to

¹⁵ Report, of the Calcutta University Commission 1917-19 Vol VIII, p. 83. Calcutta, Government Printing, 1919.

give to examinations is rarely seen in other countries. France possibly is an exception. And the tragedy is, both in India and in France, that the examinations are so unfair and senseless and unrelated to education.

To use cave-man examinations in the aeroplane age, worse, in the atomic age, is little short of suicidal. Indians speak, with much truth, of the immorality of modern society in inventing terrifying instruments of destruction. The indictment is sound. But the destruction wrought by the examination system,¹⁶ the destruction of soul, of life itself (save for breathing — *that* still goes on) is just as criminal, just as tragic, just as unnecessary, as the instantaneous destruction of thousands of people by an atomic bomb. Evil that can be prevented is doubly tragic. Even by 1918, when Geddes wrote his answer, advances in psychology and in the principles of teaching had made examinations of the traditional type outdated.

The problem is not merely — or even mainly — a problem of education and educationists. It is a problem set by society as a whole. Minor improvements¹⁷ will not by themselves do very

¹⁶ The following is a classic description of the relationship, under this examination system, between Teacher and Taught: "The teacher's business is to coach the student in the prescribed text-books. All that he has to do is to thoroughly get up these on his own account, labouring through all their vain pedantries and tedious and useless minutiae, and to help the student to get them up as best he may, by drudging at the notes and 'answers to probable questions', furnished by himself and the worshipful company of key-makers. The student thus looks upon the teacher only as a live key or a machine for turning out notes for him, and often thinks that he may get better service from the printed keys than from him. Thus, the teacher's personality does not touch the student, and the teacher, on his part, does not feel any enthusiasm for his dull, mechanical work of firing off grape-shot of small and petty bits of information at the student.... In these circumstances, the teacher fails to impress his own stamp on his pupil and does not feel the same interest in him as he would if he could look upon him as a product of his own hand.... The student has no stimulus to self-exertion, he has no need to digest and assimilate what he takes in from outside, by thinking. If he can disgorge in the examination-hall what he has hastily swallowed he is considered to have acquitted himself well in the examination..." (*Report of Calcutta University Commission, 1917-19, loc. cit.*, p. 95. Answer of Prof. J. C. Guha).

¹⁷ Thus S. Datta, answering a question for the Radhakrishnan Commission, says: "The

much until society itself lays less stress on these measuring rods. So long as a country uses examinations mainly as a means to keep people out of the labour market, it will be no step nearer the solution.¹⁸ On the other hand with only about half of the 2,50,000 "educated men" joining the ranks of those seeking employment each year being successful, the problem is not a simple one.¹⁹

It is the examination system coupled with the belittling process already noted that makes the "finished product" in India less well prepared to face the realities of life than the strong hereditary abilities would indicate. In India today there is such a premium placed on the possession of a "first class first" that the mere crammers who sometimes receive this distinction usually deify themselves as well as the label.²⁰ This, of course, is true also in other countries. But rarely do other countries lay such stress on book-learning alone.

Yet there is no question but that in innate ability the Indian student is second to none — and probably better than many.

more important thing is to change the type and tone of question papers. At present difficulties come from two sources. So far as internal examiners are concerned, it is a question of the distribution of patronage, and a small coterie with minimum competence and a good deal of power for intrigue, manage to get the lion's share. The external examiners are... busy men who have little time to think about the books or subjects about which they are asked to set questions. Both these groups generally set questions that encourage cramming and teaching becomes more or less superfluous (*loc. cit.*, Vol II, Part I, p. 42).

18 Maulana Azad, Minister of Education of India, disclosed in April, 1953, that the Government of India was considering a proposal to do away with insistence on degrees for employment to Government service. (This, of course, is not a new proposal, having been made by the Radhakrishnan Commission. See *Report*, Vol I, 1949, p. 341).

19 The figures are taken from an article on "Middle Class Unemployment" in the *Eastern Economist*, (New Delhi), July 17, 1953, Vol XXI, No. 3, p. 101.

20 There is a definite financial advantage to the "first class first". Thus, lecturers "start" with a higher salary — sometimes Rs 200 per month instead of Rs 150 — in some colleges. But "Securing a first class in a subject like mathematics is much easier than in, say, English or History. A study of the M. A. results of the Punjab in the past will bear out this fact. In September, 1952 M. A. Examination, out of the 25 candidates who passed in Mathematics as many as 14 were placed in the first class. While out of the 22 who passed in English, none scored a first class". (Letter to the Editor, *Ambala Tribune* 20 June, 1953).

This student, working as he does in an atmosphere of frustration and difficulty, oppressed as he is by the deliberate attempt of the nation to inculcate in him an inferiority complex, usually rises above his environment, and his native personality generally shows through the cloud. The cloud, as already should be obvious, is a dark one.

The teacher says that the student is intellectually weak and unwilling to work. The student, incidentally, complains in 1953 about his teachers being dull just as he did in 1917. The Indian politician is always saying something like : "This indiscipline on the part of students, and unseemly conduct on their part, has got to stop." The Administrative Officer pontificates that there are not enough failures these days in the examinations!²¹ But when we examine more closely the case against the Indian student we see that it is also the case against the British or American student. His accusers say that he is no longer serious — note the implication, that in the preceding generation, in "our" generation, he was serious — that he does not persevere in his studies, that he is indisciplined, that he is not enough interested in the problems of the day (or, alternatively, that he is too much interested in them), that he is of poorer calibre than his predecessor of last generation, and that he is intellectually wanting. They say that he is lazy, shiftless, uncultured, that he rarely reads anything that will not appear on the test paper — but whose fault is that? — that all he wants is security, and so on. But even if all of this is true, and it is a big *even if*, the Indian student of today is what he is not because of inherent defects in his character but because of the "complicated times he lives in". It is the faults in the "human relations" of the Indian colleges and universities plus the period of frustration that we

²¹ Thus in 1948-49, 1,01,797 appeared for the "Intermediate" Examination and only 46,641 passed. *Eastern Economist*, *loc. cit.*

THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA

31

all live in that adversely affect the student of today in India — just as elsewhere.

For completeness, we must list here the impression, confirmed by many outsiders and some insiders, that the Indian student is too loath to use his hands. There is the long tradition of the country that manual labour is something to be looked down upon. All the speeches of the Indian Prime Minister and of the President cannot undo in a few months the effect of a centuries-old habit of thought; nor can the recent decisions of certain Vice-Chancellors that their students shall henceforth have assigned to them a few hours of manual work per term!

This is a definite weakness. One does not become a first class first in life, though one may arrive at the label on paper, merely by memorizing scientific formulae in geology or chemistry or aeronautical engineering, and so on. Science is something more than the memorizing of formulae. And until the Indian student recognizes this and until the Indian society recognizes this, then even doubling the number of National Laboratories will not change the face of the good Indian earth.

Tagore said that the Indian "cultured community" is a "community of qualified candidates." The candidates are inspected, qualified (or eliminated), and stamped. But, as already stressed, it is not the fault of universities that students have to study M. A. Final or M. Sc. Previous instead of "subjects". (Though the very representatives of society "who are responsible for this are blaming their victims"). After commenting on the Indian student, one important half of the "cultured community", we must at least touch on the Indian teacher, the other important member of the Indian educational society.

The Indian teacher of today, the much-maligned Indian teacher today, was the much-maligned Indian student of yesterday. He grew up in an atmosphere of frustration and difficulty. Often he takes out his own frustrations on his

students. Perhaps even more often he just ignores the students or treats them as inanimate objects. (He tries to make out a case, often convincingly, that this is because he is over-worked). But there are instances, as in other countries, where the teacher teaches. And so we can say of the Indian teacher that he is sometimes as bad a teacher as could be imagined—and that he is sometimes as good. And that the situation in this respect is no different from what it is in other countries, or in the universities of other countries.

In this respect! But there are other respects too. In the words (understatement) of the Radhakrishnan Commission, "With the introduction of democratic control and of elections in our universities there has grown a tendency among teachers to interest themselves more in the administrative affairs of the university than in their legitimate duties. We were told that in several cases teacher-politicians have succeeded better in their careers than teachers who have devoted themselves to teaching and scholarship. The success of teacher-politicians who manipulate elections and get for themselves and their friends influential and lucrative positions in their own or sister universities is largely responsible for the deterioration of the morals of teachers and of the academic standards of the universities."²² Some of the critics of teacher behaviour are not so polite. Thus, one is convinced that "Evils in this country have reached dimensions truly pathological....In no country of the world in the present or in the past have teachers banded themselves to manipulate conditions for self-exploitation to the extent they have done in India...In India education not only co-operates with the society to perpetuate the evils; to a certain extent, it even gives a lead through a body of corrupt and depraved teachers."²³

²² Radhakrishnan Commission Report Vol. I, p. 70.

²³ Singh, R. K., *Our Universities and Our Vice-Chancellors*, Agra 1950, p. 4.

Now, this is strong language. There are numerous aspects of Indian university "politics" which are unsavoury, to say the least. But the teacher is one of the "victims" of society blamed by the society! The Vice-Chancellors too sometimes show vices.

But that the Vice-Chancellors sometimes show vices and that the professors sometimes distrust the examiners is something that no one denies. Distrust is a basic feature of the Indian university environment. The students distrust the teachers and the teachers the students, and both groups have little enough use for the administrator-gods. But this is not something which is native to the Indian university. It is superimposed by society, and it could be removed from the university environment when society wakes up to see the need of doing so. At the moment the Indian society is more interested in politics than in "new-fangled ideas" about education!

Part of both politics and education is the language problem. This is a historic problem of India. No other has caused greater controversy among educationists. No other causes greater controversy today. It is indeed a tremendous problem. The fact that the whole question is by now so "wrapped up in sentiment" makes it even more difficult than it would be anyway.

The Radhakrishnan Commission says, "although there are hundreds of dialects in India, the principal languages which possess literatures of their own and therefore can claim to be fit media of instruction are not more than a dozen".²⁴ Not more than a dozen, that is all: Assamese, Bengali, Oriya, Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Punjabi, Kashmiri, Tamil, Telegu, Kanarese, Malayalam, etc.... The fear that in the "absence of the binding force of English" there will be "reversion to old differences and division is so great that many advocate the

²⁴ *Report*, Vol I, p. 305.

retention of English as an instrument for the continuance and fostering of the unity which it has helped to create".²⁵

Today Hindi is the national language. In about ten years it is supposed to be the language of instruction in the universities. But many people advocate the "retention of English". Arguments still fly back and forth, though the question is supposed to have been settled. The professors from the southern states, for instance, do not find it easy to learn Hindi. It is therefore not only the supporters of English who are opposed to Hindi but also the spokesmen (political and educationist) for non-Hindi-speaking areas.

The need of a knowledge of English for scholarship and research is not disputed. But for an ordinary student to have to learn English *and* Hindi as well as his mother tongue is well-nigh an impossibility. For an ordinary student to have to attend college lectures in English, as now, is a strain that often leaves him with an insufficient knowledge of his own language as well as of English. For an ordinary student the strain of having to learn three languages — and usually from poor teachers! — will result in a general bewilderment (perhaps even in a national bewilderment!) as well as in an addition to the inferiority complex already referred to.

"We have paid a heavy price for learning through English in the past. Instead of laying stress upon thinking and reasoning, we emphasized memorizing; in place of acquiring knowledge of things and realities we acquired a sort of mastery over words. It affected originality of thought and development of literature in the mother tongue.... Whatever the advantages of English and the immediate risks in a change over to the new, the balance of advantage on a long view of the matter lies in the change".²⁶

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 317.

And yet. The strange thing is that the Vice-President of India and men like Suniti K. Chatterjee,²⁷ who testified in 1917 that "a foreign medium of instruction with which the student has to grapple at every step tends to stifle all power of independent thinking in the continually increasing number of college students, and affords a strong encouragement to cram",²⁸ seem to be moving more and more to the English "side". And the arguments they use are almost those of Macaulay: "The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language (English), we shall teach languages in which by universal confession there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own...,"²⁹ The ironical thing is that Macaulay's *Minute* has come to be used in India as sort of byword of denunciation.³⁰

27 Professor of Linguistics and Comparative Philology, Calcutta University and Chairman of the West Bengal Legislative Council.

28 *Calcutta University Commission Report* Vol. VIII, p. 55.

29 Lord Macaulay's *Minute on Education in India*, February 2, 1835.

30 The history here is interesting. Macaulay's *Minute*, which is commonly cited as determining the educational pattern of India (*cf.* even two articles in the *Ambala Tribune* in the last two weeks), might have precipitated Lord Bentinck's Resolution of 1835, but the tendency in the "English" direction was already apparent certainly by 1830.

"His Lordship in Council is of opinion that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India, and that all funds appropriated for the purpose of education would be best employed on English education alone." This was the Resolution approved by Bentinck, the then Governor General of Bengal.

The Directors of the East India Company had by 1830 lost their old respect for Indian languages and culture. In 1830 the Directors were encouraging the propagation of Western Education in Madras and Bombay. Montstuart Elphinstone in a communication to the Commissioners for Indian Officer's said: "I conceive it more important to impart a high degree of education to the upper classes than to diffuse a much lower sort of it among the common people...If English could be at all diffused among persons who had the least time for reflection, the progress of knowledge, by means of it, would be accelerated in a ten-fold ratio since every man who made himself acquainted with a science through English would be able to communicate it in his own language to his countrymen"

We cannot here delve further into this difficult question. And certainly we shall in no wise attempt to give prescriptions. Tagore once wrote that "There is nothing so terrible as the English language for one whose mother tongue is Bengali."³¹ The same comment could probably be made in the case of Hindi by those whose mother tongues are Tamil, Telegu, Kanarese, etc.... Obviously there are many unanswered questions !

There are many unanswered questions too in other areas of Indian higher education. Though it is often enough pointed out that the Indian university is a British importation and was designed originally for British purposes, it is less commonly stressed (in India) that the same problems which are bothering universities in India bother universities also in England and Scotland and America and Holland and Sweden and France. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find that universities in India, as in Europe and America, have their problems of overcrowding. They have housing shortages. They have poor libraries, and those that they have are insufficiently used. They underpay teachers, and are sometimes too "commercial" in their attempts to attract students. But these

But after the Bentinck Resolution, the Home Government (the Officers in England) prohibited further changes without prior reference home. John Stuart Mill submitted a Despatch on "Recent Changes in Native Education" to the Board of Control in 1836. He said that it was "altogether chimerical to expect that the main portion of the mental cultivation of a people can take place through the medium of a foreign language..." But at this time there were changes both in the Governor-Generalship and in the Presidency of the Board of Control. The new Governor-General, Auckland, wrote to Hobhouse, now President : "You may almost hold it as an axiom that the folly or the fault next in degree to a folly or fault committed in India is the attempt to reverse it by an order at nearly a year's date from England." Mill's Despatch was never sent !

(See, for all this, Ballhatchet, K. A., "The Home Government and Bentinck's Educational Policy," *Cambridge Historical Journal*, Vol. X, No. 2, 1951 pp 224-9. Also the Radhakrishnan Report, and the usual Histories of Indian Education.)

³¹ Tagore, Rabindranath, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

evils we find in greater or lesser degree in American and European universities also.

The problem of "women's education" is also not unique to India. Though it is in many ways probably a bigger problem in India than in Western countries, especially in the pre-university levels, because of old traditions and the strength of these. And yet statistically, the picture is impressive. Today there are 35,000 women enrolled in the Indian universities³² and this is 12% of the total roll of Indian university students. It is also two-and-a-half times the number of women students in the English universities; though in England women constitute 28% of the university populations.

All of the universities in India are open equally to women as to men. And in addition to the universities and their teaching departments, there are 457 colleges for general education the educational facilities of which are utilized by women. 62 of these colleges are for women only. But co-education at the college stage is becoming increasingly popular and is generally encouraged.

Space does not permit us to touch on post-graduate or professional education. We shall confine ourselves to mentioning merely that there are some excellent colleges of agriculture and engineering, etc.... Some of these are affiliated and others not affiliated to universities. The Indian Institute of Technology, which was set up two years ago in Kharagpur, West Bengal, is modelled after the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is a healthy, bouncing baby. It is already peopled with outstanding younger teachers and students and gives every promise of advancing the cause of the technological sciences in India.

Indeed, in summary and in conclusion, we are optimistic about the whole future of science and culture in India. There are

³² The figures are taken from *Education of Girls and Women in India*. Government of India. Bureau of Education Publication 120, 1952.

many aspects of the picture which are discouraging, to say the least ; some of these we have touched upon. There are social and economic problems, as well as educational ; these are tremendous in their complexity. And there are powerful forces at work which are radically changing Indian attitudes and Indian traditions.

What comes out we cannot predict with certainty. And yet the Indian citizen is basically scientific and basically cultured. We can be optimistic, therefore, about the long-run future of education in India. The big question is today, *how long is the long run ?*

GEORGE ORWELL

ROY NORTH

In his essay *Politics and the English Language* George Orwell gives some excellent advice to writers in the form of six rules :

- 1 Never use a metaphor, simile, or other figures of speech which you are used to seeing in print.
- 2 Never use a long word where a short one will do.
- 3 If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.
- 4 Never use the passive where you can use the active.
- 5 Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or jargon word, if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.
- 6 Break any of these rules sooner than say anything out-right barbarous.

Certainly Orwell carries out his own advice. He is one of the most forceful and clear writers of English we have ever had. He defines literature as "an attempt to influence the viewpoint of one's contemporaries by recording experience." He certainly influences the viewpoints of his readers, chiefly because of the impact of his style. His great merit is that he knows exactly what he wants to say and says it clearly ; a rare quality in the twentieth century.

His style which is a record of his own arguing voice, has a direct vigour that comes at us straight from the shoulder. Essentially he is a disturbing writer ; making us re-adjust our vision of existence, bludgeoning us into thinking deeply about the situations he depicts. He does what a great writer should always do ; he makes us feel personally whatever he is discussing. He carries out D. H. Lawrence's teaching when he said, tapping his *solar plexus*, "I must feel it here."

Like Dickens, Orwell records the vivid detail. In *Nineteen Eightyfour* a prole rummaging in a rubbish heap is picking out the "ribs of cabbage leaves." Note how this detail

reveals the starvation of the proles. Whole cabbage leaves are too precious to throw away. Only the ribs become refuse.

When discussing something he will frequently catalogue it with a series of camera shots. Pre-1914 village life recalls "the cool of the evening outside, the smell of night-stocks and pipe tobacco in the lane behind the allotments, the soft dust underfoot, and the nightjars hawking after the cock-chafers." The decline of a shop business is symbolized by "last year's bluebottles supine in a shop window."

An image to be effective must promote intensity. It must make the description more alive to the reader. To put it in Orwell's words; "A newly invented metaphor assists thought by evoking a visual image." His similes and metaphors certainly do that. They are extraordinarily apt, unexpected, and powerful. He says of Dickens: "In the power of evoking visual images he has probably never been equalled." We might add, "except by Orwell."

There are his descriptions of scenes: the houses in the Paris slums that look "as though they had been frozen in the act of collapse"; the sprawling slag-heap that is "like a choppy sea suddenly frozen." There are his descriptions of individuals: "his betel-reddened teeth gleamed in the lamp-light like tinfoil"; "a large blond young man, very pink all over, like a slice of ham."

We feel his work so intensely because he continually appeals to our senses, our physical reactions. We really hear the pigeons making "a sound like pots boiling." We feel the heat in Burma which "throbbed down on one's head with a steady, rhythmic thumping, like blows from an enormous bolster." We see the birds fly out "like a handful of catapulted stones whirling through the sky." The hallway in Winston's flat "smelt of boiled cabbage and old ragmats" and his mouth "tasted like the smoke of a rubbish fire."

His selection of the significant detail, his capacity for effective similes, his appeal to the physical awareness of the reader make him one of the most descriptive writers we possess. He uses his similes to bring about a concretion of thought. It is what George Eliot calls "an idea wrought back" to the directness of sense." A discussion of something abstract like the use of language receives physical embodiment and becomes startlingly vivid in sentences like: "an accumulation of stale phrases chokes him like tea-leaves blocking a sink" or "a mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up the details."

He has a knack of vigorous definition; an epigrammatic clarity. "Tolstoy's characters can cross a frontier; Dickens's can be portrayed on a cigarette card." He crystallizes his points into provocative assertions like: "what we call a 'great' statesman normally means one who dies before his policy has had time to take effect."

His directness shows itself again in his use of irony. A powerful use of irony is natural to a writer like Orwell who is concerned with the contrast between appearance and reality. For is not the essence of irony the difference between appearance and reality? Irony implies ambiguity; it arises when that which appears to be the truth is not the truth at all. As Shakespeare expresses it in *Hamlet*, "Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own"; or T. S. Eliot in *The Family Reunion*, "Everything is true in a different sense."

Orwell often uses with great force what we might call the ironic paragraph; that is, a paragraph in which we are led to expect something pleasant and then at the end we discover that the real thing is something unpleasant or discreditable. This scorpion-like style we see, for instance, in this paragraph from *Nineteen Eightyfour*. Winston is hoping

for rebellion from the proles in order to overthrow the dictatorship of Big Brother :

He remembered how once he had been walking down a crowded street when a tremendous shout of hundreds of voices — women's voices — had burst from a side-street a little way ahead. It was a great formidable cry of anger and despair, a deep loud 'Oh-o-o-oh !' that went humming on like the reverberation of a bell. His heart had leapt. It's started ! he had thought. A riot ! The proles are breaking loose at last ! When he had reached the spot it was to see a mob of two or three hundred women crowding round the stalls of a street market, with faces as tragic as though they had been the doomed passengers on a sinking ship. But at this moment the general despair broke down into a multitude of individual quarrels. It appeared that one of the stalls had been selling tin saucepans. They were wretched, flimsy things but cooking pots of any kind were always difficult to get. Now the the supply had unexpectedly given out.

In *Nineteen Eightyfour* irony is used throughout with frightening effect. That which supports Winston and Julia is that nothing can ever stop them loving each other : "If they could make me stop loving you — that would be the real betrayal." That which consoles Winston after all his torture is that he has not betrayed Julia, his feelings towards her are unchanged. But it is all a delusion for eventually Winston does betray her and she betrays him. O'Brien tells him : "for everyone there is something unendurable — something that cannot be contemplated. Courage and cowardice are not involved. If you are falling from a height it is not cowardly to clutch at a rope. If you have come up from deep water it is not cowardly to fill your lungs with air. It is merely an instinct which cannot be destroyed. It is the same with the rats. For you they are unendurable. They are a form of pressure that you cannot withstand even if you wished to."

Winston, panic-stricken, with the ferocious rats almost upon

his face, believes there is only one way to save himself. "He must interpose another human being, the *body* of another human being, between himself and the rats." He realizes that "in the whole world there was just *one* person to whom he could transfer his punishment — one *body* that he could thrust between himself and the rats." So he shouts frantically, over and over again: "Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia!" And he really means it; that is the betrayal.

In *Nineteen Eightyfour* (1949) and in his clever satire *Animal Farm* (1945) Orwell is concerned with the problem of power. He reveals the corrupting influence of power and the way in which it is in conflict with truth and with the individual.

In *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937) he says:

It is quite easy to imagine a world society, economically collectivist, that is with the profit principle eliminated — but with all political, military and educational power in the hands of a small caste of rulers and their braves.

In *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eightyfour* he does imagine such a society. *Animal Farm* is, of course, a satire on Communism. Orwell had become disillusioned with this belief after his service in the Spanish Civil War and his experiences are powerfully described in *Homage to Catalonia* (1938). He joined the side of the Republicans believing that they stood for freedom against oppression and he enlisted, quite by chance, in the Catalan P. O. U. M. militia, (Partido Obrero de Unificacion Marxista). At the time of going up to the front he was unaware of the struggles and jealousies of the Republicans themselves. He soon found that the Communists were making a determined effort to crush the P. O. U. M. and he had to leave Spain in a hurry, narrowly evading arrest.

This crushing of the P. O. U. M., which seemed to him a cynical betrayal, (many of his friends were shot or

पुस्तकालय

गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

imprisoned), emphasized for him the corrupting effects of power and the appalling lengths to which men are prepared to go to gain it. The point Orwell makes of Arthur Koestler is also true of himself: "His main theme is the decadence of revolutions owing to the corrupting effects of power."

Orwell shows the corrupting effects of power in *Animal Farm* where he tells the story of the rebellion of the farm animals against their farmer and the setting-up of their own government. At first they proclaim complete equality, "all animals are equal," but it soon becomes obvious that someone has to take the deposed farmer's place. The pigs having more intelligence than character, take control. There is a fierce struggle for supreme power between the two boars, "Napoleon" and "Snowball", and eventually "Napoleon" seizes leadership and "Snowball" is forced to flee.

The original worthy principles of "animalism" are gradually and craftily changed. The benevolence of the government becomes ironic: "the work was purely voluntary but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half." To meet the requirements of the pigs the principle, "No animal shall drink alcohol" becomes "No animal shall drink alcohol to excess," (an indulgence reserved for the pigs only); the proclamation that "All animals are equal" becomes "All animals are equal but some are more equal than others."

At the end the wheel comes full circle and the pigs walk on two legs, live in a house, wear clothes, carry whips and take on complete human form. The other animals are far worse off than they were in Farmer Jones's time. But the insidiousness of it all is that they do not realize it. "Squealer" the propaganda expert, falsifies all truth and persuades the animals of their better conditions. If anything goes wrong

GEORGE ORWELL

45

it is blamed on the machinations of "Snowball" and if ever there is a murmur of dissent there is always the warning: "One false step and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?"

Orwell develops the themes of the "impossibility of combining power with righteousness" and the distortion of truth in *Nineteen Eightyfour*. In this, his last book, written when he was ill with tuberculosis which finally killed him in January 1950, he shows the conflict between Power and the Individual. In this struggle Power in order to survive must annihilate the Individual. Complete power aims at complete dehumanization. There must be no real sympathy between individuals, no love; one's whole existence must be dedicated to the Party. "You did not have friends nowadays, you had comrades."

Everyone must believe that what the Party says is right, what the party does is right. It is vital to be "the typical 'good party' man, completely without scruples or curiosity, a thinking gramophone." "It is intolerable to us," says O'Brien, "that an erroneous thought should exist anywhere in the world, however secret and powerless it may be."

O'Brien, who is a sort of High Inquisitor of the Party, has the job of curing those members who deviate from Party lines and put self first. His technique is to destroy the self through self. You are attacked where your individuality is most jealous, where you are most self-centred; through the body. The method of treatment is to humiliate the patient completely so as to force him to betray all his emotional contacts, to realize that all he thinks about fundamentally is himself, and to recognize that that self is worthless.

It is not merely a case of ruling by fear. It is the burning out of all dissentient thoughts from the individual, so that he is brought over to the Party "not in appearance,

but genuinely, heart and soul." The party member must not only act loyally; he must always and absolutely love Big Brother, whose picture is everywhere, watching, like a sort of eye of the Almighty. Telescreens are fixed in every room through which the Thought Police can watch whatever he does, every expression on his face, every gesture.

At first a thought-rebel, Winston is gradually brought to reject everything for the sake of the Party and Big Brother. Under acute tortures, mental and physical, culminating in the horrifying scene in Room 101, he betrays the woman he loves and all privacy is stripped from his soul. Then he is moulded again to suit the Party and if the Party says two and two make five, then two and two *do* make five.

Power means the annihilation of truth. "From the totalitarian point of view", says Orwell, "History is something to be created rather than learned." Any statement that proves the Party to have been wrong must be completely destroyed, all publications containing it must be re-written; the fact must be totally rubbed out and a new fact inserted which in its turn may have to make way for another. In the world of *Nineteen Eightyfour*, "Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right." There can be no real sense of reality; there is complete mental dislocation. "What is new in totalitarianism is that its doctrines are not only unchallengeable but also unstable. They have to be accepted on pain of damnation, but on the other hand they are always liable to be altered at a moment's notice."

In *Nineteen Eightyfour* the difficulty of acceptance is removed by the ingenious device of "doublethink" which means "the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them."

Only on such a basis can the rule of the Party be made permanent. "If one is to rule, and to continue ruling, one must be able to dislocate the sense of reality. For the secret of rulership is to combine a belief in one's own infallibility with the power to learn from past mistakes."

The Party is developing a new language, "Newspeak", and when it is complete even if people want to have disloyal thoughts they will be unable to do so. Opposition will be inarticulate; more than that, it will be literally unthinkable. This is the fulfilment of Orwell's gloomy prophecy in his essay, *Inside the Whale*, (1941):

Almost certainly we are moving into an age of totalitarian dictatorships — an age in which freedom of thought will at first be a deadly sin and later on a meaningless abstraction. The autonomous individual is going to be stamped out of existence.

"The two aims of the Party are to conquer the whole surface of the earth and to extinguish once and for all the possibility of independent thought," declares O'Brien. This, to Orwell, is a logical development of the present age. Many of the best-sellers published recently, he suggests like *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, are symptomatic of the power-cult of the twentieth century, a cult of Giant the Jack-killers. More and more houses in England and America are having television sets; Orwell merely reverses the technique and produces the telescreen; a spying machine and vehicle for Party propaganda. He is carrying to logical conclusions certain trends of our time; the falsification of truth and the re-writing of history, the rise of totalitarianism.

Nineteen Eightyfour is a disturbing warning of what might happen if we ever forget that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Orwell, agreeing with Lord Acton that "absolute power corrupts absolutely", probes for the true motive of power. O'Brien says:

The Party seeks Power entirely for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness: only power, pure power.... We know that no one ever seizes power with the intention of relinquishing it. Power is not a means, it is an end. One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes a revolution in order to establish the dictatorship. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power.

When that object is successful it means the annihilation of everything that at present makes life worth living. Human decency and dignity are broken, emotion is adulterated. For what is the real nature of Power? "Power", declares O'Brien, "is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together in shapes of your own choosing." Power, then, must necessarily be cruel. In his essay *Raffles and Miss Blandish* Orwell notes that "the cult of power tends to be mixed up with a love of cruelty and wickedness for their own sakes."

According to O'Brien some victim will always be found to be accused as a heretic and satisfy the lust for "the endless pressing, pressing, pressing, upon the nerve of power". Even when all external opposition is dead, when "Newspeak" has prevented disloyal thoughts, there must still be power orgies. For power-worship leads inevitably to "a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world that grows not less but more merciless as it refines itself."

About the Party itself Orwell is rather vague. We are tempted to think that the Party contains the seeds of its own destruction in the internal struggles that are bound to arise sooner or later. Power is so completely nihilistic that it will end by destroying itself; just as a confirmed drunkard eventually drinks himself to death. But, then, Orwell would argue, out of the ruin of the old order a new one

will form and the wheel of tyranny will begin turning all over again.

His approach to it all is rather like George Bowling in *Coming Up for Air*: "I felt in a kind of prophetic mood, the mood in which you foresee the end of the world and get a certain kick out of it." Orwell seems to get a kick out of his portrayal of power. He regards it with a horrified fascination. As he says in *The Road to Wigan Pier*: "I find that anything outrageously strange generally ends by fascinating me even when I abominate it."

There is a kind of power-worship in Orwell himself. In his essay *Second Thoughts on James Burnham* he says: "Power-worship blurs political judgment because it leads almost unavoidably to the belief that present trends will continue." Orwell develops this attitude of mind, too. His prophecies of doom, "the few years left to us before somebody presses the button and the rockets begin to fly," are repeated to the point of tedium. It is to be hoped for the sake of humanity that, as he says of James Burnham, he "sees the trend and assumes that it is irresistible, rather as a rabbit, fascinated by a boa-constrictor, might assume that a boa-constrictor is the strongest thing in the world."

The theme with which Orwell is primarily concerned is the reaction of the individual to adverse conditions. He studies the way in which a hostile environment affects character. Life, as he sees it, is a struggle with frustrating conditions; with loneliness, with suffering, with uncertainty, with poverty, or with dictatorial conditions imposed by the State.

He is interested in the conditioning of a character's behaviour and outlook by circumstances. Of Paddy, the tramp in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, he says: "it was malnutrition and not any natural vice that destroyed his character." In different circumstances, doing a different job, living with

different people, Flory, in *Burmese Days*, would have been happier and less frustrated, even Ellis would have been less bitter. Ellis, who typifies the unimaginative imperialist, is drawn with contempt, it is true, but also with some pity, for he is both a product and a victim of the organization he serves.

Orwell depicts powerfully personality out of harmony with its environment, personality frustrated and distorted, personality caught and twisted by external forces. The personality that *is* is so pathetically different from the personality that might have been. Winston, with his "locked loneliness" would have been so different and so much happier if he had not had to live "in the assumption that every sound he made was overheard and every movement scrutinized." Orwell's main characters are outcasts, suffering from acute loneliness and rebelling against the system of which they are a part.

They lack security; they have no firm anchor; they are haunted by fear. As Bowling exclaims in *Coming Up for Air*: "Fear! We swim in it. It's our element." This uncertainty is expressed again and again. In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, where Orwell shows men and women trying to live a decent life in places where "each person had, for his entire dwelling a space a good deal smaller than one compartment of a public lavatory," he says despondently, "We are living in a world in which nobody is free, in which hardly anybody is sincere, in which it is almost impossible to remain alive."

This lack of security makes him nostalgic for a world in which there was a stronger feeling of certainty and continuity. In *Coming Up for Air* (1939) he describes life in a small country town before the 1914-18 war. Conditions may not have been easy then but at any rate the people possessed something that modern man lacks. "What was it people had in those days? A feeling of security, even when they weren't

GEORGE ORWELL

51

secure. More exactly, it was a feeling of continuity. All of them knew they'd got to die, and I suppose a few of them knew they were going to go bankrupt, but what they didn't know was that the order of things could change. Whatever might happen to themselves, things would go on as they'd known them.... It's easy enough to die if the things you care about are going to survive.... They didn't feel the ground they stood on shifting under their feet."

Today, however, we live, to use Auden's phrase, in an "age of anxiety" and Orwell shows us the plight of the individual in his uncertainty. In *Coming Up for Air*, George Bowling, in search of what seems to him the peaceful, sane existence of Lower Binfield, where he spent his childhood, is completely disillusioned when he discovers that pre-1914 life there has completely disappeared. Factories have displaced the cottages, huge commercial concerns have swamped the little shops, a housing estate has consumed the beautiful woods and pools where he used to fish. There is no "coming up for air;" there is no getting away from "this slick, streamlined civilization," as Graham Greene calls it.

To Orwell, as to Graham Greene, this modern civilization appears, to adapt a phrase from Shakespeare, as a "most putrefied core, so fair without." He smells the decay. "To accept civilization as it is, practically means accepting decay."

He is intensely concerned with the contrast between Appearance and Reality; he demands the fundamentals. Like Shaw, he is a great scrutinizer; probing to the real motives, refusing to be impressed by the shows. "The peculiar thing is the feeling it gives you of being suddenly shoved up against reality," exclaims Bowling, describing the bomb explosion, and that is what Orwell is continually doing to the reader.

He wants the truth, as he sees it. He is scrupulously sincere. His desire to discover the real motive is what makes

his work so disturbing. He cuts clean through the appearances, tears them aside in shreds, and comes to the core. He says, when discussing the Spanish political situation, "I warn everyone against my bias, and I warn everyone against my mistakes. Still, I have done my best to be honest."

In *Burmese Days* he goes for the reality that lies behind the imperialist rule in Burma. Orwell went out to Burma when he was nineteen, joining the Indian Imperial Police, in which he remained for five years. At the end of that time he was completely sickened by the imperialistic attitude of those he met and the tyranny of petty officials. His bitterness crystallized itself in his novel *Burmese Days* (1934) in which he portrays with acid satire some of the members of the Kyauktada Club. He expresses some of his views through Flory whose greatest privation is lack of freedom to express his real opinions. "Your opinion on every subject of any conceivable importance is dictated for you by the pukka sahibs' code."

In the Police Orwell came up against the most unpleasant side of Empire government. He had to assist in the administration of criminal law, arrests, beatings, hangings, in a country where he regarded himself as an oppressor. He describes some of this in the autobiographical part of *The Road to Wigan Pier*: "the wretched prisoners squatting in the reeking cages of the lock-ups, the grey cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos, the women and children howling when their menfolk were led away under arrest — things like these are beyond bearing when you are in any way directly responsible for them".

He returned to England in 1927 and threw up the Police work, "conscious of an immense weight of guilt that I had got to expiate". His expiation took the form of cutting himself away from the respectable world altogether, of joining

the ranks of the underdogs and outcasts. "I felt I had got to escape not merely from imperialism but from every form of man's dominion over man." So he made himself a tramp.

His experiences on the road, he tells us, cured him finally of his snobbishness which had been all that his public school education had taught him. Born, in 1903, into the "lower-upper-middle class", as he calls it in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, in which "practically the whole family income goes in keeping up appearances," he was made aware at an early age of class distinctions. He was forbidden to play with the plumber's children because they were common and was brought up to believe that working people were always dirty.

He won a scholarship to Eton; "five years in a lukewarm bath of snobbery," he describes his school career in *Inside the Whale*. Of a public school education George Bowling remarks, "They never really get over that frightful drilling they go through at public schools. Either it flattens them into half-wits or they spend the rest of their lives kicking against it."

Orwell spent the rest of his life kicking against it. Because of the struggle he had to make ends meet at school he was filled with resentment against the boys whose parents were richer than his. Consequently he applauded revolution although at the same time he was a snob. "Looking back upon that period, I seem to have spent half the time in denouncing the capitalist system and the other half in raging over the insolence of bus conductors."

It was a lack of harmony that took a long time to resolve and clarify. When he was in the East his thoughts were muddled, he was full of conflicting impulses, he could get nothing into perspective. It was only by becoming an outcast, seeing society from the outside, that he was able to form definite views and think at all clearly. By this

process he lost his snobbish attitude towards the working classes but gained instead a snobbish attitude towards the middle and upper classes. He declares in *Wigan Pier*, "the fact that has got to be faced is that to abolish class distinctions means abolishing a part of yourself." That is what he tried to do. But he did not succeed in abolishing his sense of class distinctions; he merely reversed it. As a socialist, a champion of the working man, he was probably a great deal more class-conscious than he was before becoming a tramp. This is shown very clearly in *The Lion and the Unicorn* (1941), where he talks about imposing heavier taxes on the rich and then adds, quite unnecessarily, "and if the rich squeal so much the better."

He describes in *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933) how he starved in the Paris slums and became a *plongeur* in a Paris hotel. Then he became a tramp in England and sometimes slept in "doss-houses" where nearly every wash-basin "was streaked with grime—solid, sticky filth as black as boot-blackening."

Orwell is interested in the way poverty affects the individual. He shows how you react to it; the secrecy, (you dare not admit that you are suddenly reduced to an income of six francs a day); the precariousness, ("mean disasters happen and rob you of food"); the apathy: "You discover that a man who has gone even a week on bread and margarine is not a man any longer, only a belly with a few accessory organs." But also, oddly enough, there is a freedom from worry: "It is a feeling of relief, almost of pleasure, at knowing yourself at last genuinely down and out....It takes off a lot of anxiety."

"It was a dirty place, but homelike," he says of his Paris lodging, for, like Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*, he found that in spite of all the dirt there was much kindness

GEORGE ORWELL

55

and good nature. He has a genuine love for the poor. In *Measure for Measure* there is more natural goodness in the charity of Mistress Overdone and Pompey, the brothel-keeper, than in the cold, false chastity of Angelo. So, in *Down and Out*, there is more real goodness of heart in dirty old Paddy, "a good fellow, generous by nature and capable of sharing his last crust with a friend," than in the sanctimonious daughter who "stared silently at us for a moment as if we had been aquarium fishes, and then went

of *Down and Out* Orwell acts as defending tramps and makes some valuable constructive suggestions. The problem is to transform the tramp "from a parasite into a self-respecting human being." Education and work must be found for him, the necessity of working, but work of which he can be proud. Orwell suggests a solution: "Each tramp on a small farm, or at least a kitchen garden, to do a sound day's work. The produce of his labour could be used for feeding the tramps, and this would be better than the filthy diet of bread and soup."

in 1933. Much more is done for the unemployed in 1953. There are reception centres where they are encouraged to stay. The tramps are looked after and work is found for them.

The National Assistance Act of 1948 has helped them a great deal and dirty unshaven tramps, wandering from place to place, are now rarely seen in the English countryside.

"The truth is that life, ordinary everyday life, consists far more largely of horrors than writers of fiction care to admit,"

With the Best Compliments
 of
 The Editor,
 The Visva-Bharati Quarterly,
 Santiniketan, West Bengal
 India.

process he lost his snobbish attitude towards the working classes but gained instead a snobbish attitude towards the middle and upper classes. He declares in *Wigan Pier*, "the fact that has got to be faced is that to abolish class distinctions means abolishing a part of yourself." That is what he tried to do. But he did not succeed in abolishing his sense of class distinctions; he merely reversed it. As a socialist, a champion of the working man, he was a great deal more class-conscious than he was a tramp. This is shown very clearly in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1941), where he talks about imposing his ideas on the rich and then adds, quite unnecessarily, "it is a little squeal so much the better."

He describes in *Down and Out in Paris* how he starved in the Paris slums and how he lived in a Paris hotel. Then he became a tramp and sometimes slept in "doss-houses" and his wash-basin "was streaked with grime — so black as boot-blackening."

Orwell is interested in the way poverty affects you. He shows how you react to it; the second you admit that you are suddenly reduced to an existence on a day; the precariousness, ("mean disaster, a day of food"); the apathy: "You discover that you have gone even a week on bread and butter and a man any longer, only a belly with a few bones." But also, oddly enough, there is a freedom. "It is a feeling of relief, almost of pleasure, at knowing yourself at last genuinely down and out.... It takes off a lot of anxiety."

"It was a dirty place, but homelike," he says of his Paris lodging, for, like Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*, he found that in spite of all the dirt there was much kindness

and good nature. He has a genuine love for the poor. In *Measure for Measure* there is more natural goodness in the charity of Mistress Overdone and Pompey, the brothel-keeper, than in the cold, false chastity of Angelo. So, in *Down and Out*, there is more real goodness of heart in dirty old Paddy, "a good fellow, generous by nature and capable of sharing his last crust with a friend," than in the sanctimonious clergyman and his daughter who "stared silently at us for a while, as though we had been aquarium fishes, and then went away again."

In the last part of *Down and Out* Orwell acts as defending counsel for the tramps and makes some valuable constructive suggestions. The problem is to transform the tramp "from a bored, half-alive vagrant into a self-respecting human being." He must be depauperised and work must be found for him, "not work for the sake of working, but work of which he can enjoy the benefit." Orwell suggests a solution: "Each workhouse could run a small farm, or at least a kitchen garden, and every able-bodied tramp who presented himself could be made to do a sound day's work. The produce of the farm or garden could be used for feeding the tramps, and at the worst it would be better than the filthy diet of bread and margarine and tea."

This was written in 1933. Much more is done for the down-and-outs in 1953. There are reception centres where they may sleep and where they are encouraged to stay. The sick and old people are looked after and work is found for the unemployed. The National Assistance Act of 1948 has helped them a great deal and dirty unshaven tramps, wandering from place to place, are now rarely seen in the English countryside.

"The truth is that life, ordinary everyday life, consists far more largely of horrors than writers of fiction care to admit,"

says Orwell in *Inside the Whale*. In his books he points out some of the horrors ; those things that many of us prefer not to talk about : that for many life is one long struggle against hostile circumstances, that the personality is not so invincible and unchangeable as we think. His great value is that he acts as a tonic ; he braces us as after a cold shower. What he says of his experiences in Spain is true of the effect of his books on us : "Curiously enough the whole experience has left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings."

Burmese Days and *Nineteen Eightyfour* end as tragedies with the defeat of the individual, and yet, having read them, although our illusions have been shattered, we feel we can build our ideals on firmer ground. For what Orwell says of tragedy may be applied to his own works : "A tragic situation exists precisely when virtue does *not* triumph but when it is still felt that man is nobler than the forces which destroy him."

THE BAULS OF BENGAL : IV

KSHITIMOHAN SEN

WE HAVE already spoken of the sadhakas of the Vedic and Medieval ages. The mystic message has been traced through various spiritual disciplines down the ages. Now we may speak of the Bauls themselves. Of the ancient character of the Baul way of life and their spiritual discipline something has been said. The actual Bauls, as they are, may now be introduced.

In his book *Bharatvarshiya Upasaka Sampradaya* (Indian Religious Sects) Akshaykumar Datta gave the names of some of these independent groups who follow the way of love. Of the sects mentioned in the book, the darbeshes show Islamic influence in externals and in manner of expression the most plainly. Although they are detached from worldly life they are not necessarily celibates. The darbeshes do not worship idols. In dress and speech they are largely Muslim. They do not take vows or perform fasts. The Sain sect is very similar. They are even more Islamic in their social habits, speech and dress.

The discipline of the Khushi Bisvasi, although derived from Islam, is more closely allied to the doctrines of Chaitanya. The village of Bhaga, near Devagram and Krishnagar, is the headquarters of this sect.

The doctrines of Chaitanya teach the way of bhakti, devotion, and are therefore in a great measure free from oppressive dogma. One of his followers, Virabhadra, the son of Nityananda, is said to have founded a separate system of spiritual discipline which was infused more deeply with love. The Kartabhaja sect is an offshoot founded by Ramsaran Pal of Ghoshpara. The first guru of the Kartabhajas was Aulchand. Ramsaran consolidated Aulchand's teachings. Aulchand was born about two hundred and fifty years ago. He had twenty-two disciples, all of humble

birth. Ramsaran was one of them. He had many disciples among the well-born. They recognize no caste, class, community or any other distinction. Aulchand is believed by them to be an incarnation of the great Chaitanya. They consider greed, lust and violence to be moral vices. These must be purged from the mind, speech and work. Their way of love is open only to the morally pure. Love itself shows the aspirant the way.

There is a sect called the Sahaja Kartabhaja — an offshoot from the Kartabhajas founded by the Ramballabhi community of Banshabati. They cherish the sacred books of all religions with equal reverence. Their altar is called *Satya*, the truth. No social conventions are observed in its vicinity.

In the district of Krishnagar, in the villages of Dogachiya, Shaligram etc. there is a detached group known as Sahebhdhani community. They do not worship idols. Their ceremonies are performed in front of the seat of the guru. Thursday is their meeting day.

Balaram was the guru of the sect which bears his name. He was a scavenger by caste. Balaram was born in 1795 at Malopara at Meherpur in the Nadia district. He is believed to be an incarnation of Rama. The Balaramis believe that the universe is the body of God. They also do not observe caste distinctions. Members marry and live as householders. Their lives are morally pure. They do not worship idols or follow the sastras.

The founder of the Nera sect is supposed to be Virabhadra, the son of Nityananda. They have centres in Dacca and Birbhum. Like the Bauls they worship Prakṛti. They do not worship idols nor perform penances. They practise kaya-yoga, the esoteric philosophy of the body. In dress they resemble the Vaishnavas somewhat. They wear a string of crystal beads like fakirs and a loose cloak like theirs. The Neras make themselves known by crying '*Hari Bol*' and '*Vir Abadbut*'. Their garment is made of patches of many colours. They keep the head covered,

carry a staff, a bag and a quaint bowl made of cocoanut-shell. They live on alms.

To the followers of the Sahaja doctrine the guru is looked upon as Sri Krishna while the disciples call themselves Radhikas. There are two kinds of gurus, the guru who initiates and the guru who instructs. There are five principal affirmations in the Sahaja creed — the Name, the Mantra, the Attitude, Love and Passion. Of these Love and Passion are the most important.

About the Jagamohani sect Akshaykumar Datta is not able to tell us much. The late Achyutacharan Chaudhuri and Baidyanath De have given us information about them in their history of Sylhet. Jagamohan was born about four hundred years ago in the village of Baghasura. Their chief meeting place is at Machuliya. Jalsukha is second in importance, third Bithangal and fourth Faridabad at Dacca. They have eight other centres. Jagamohan's guru was named Murari. He belonged to the tradition of Ramananda. Some say Jagamohan was born at Chandradvip. The teachings of the sect are current in the district of Sylhet.

This sect does not worship idols but they do reverence to their gurus. They do not regard the basil plant or the cow as being a particular source of sanctity. They practise brahmacharya and service of followmen. Their religion is to serve men. Ramakrishna, of the Jagamohani sect, a disciple of Santa Gosain, was born in 1576. He put the sect on a firm foundation. Ramakrishna received his initiation from Gosain in 1592 and died in 1652 on the night of the full moon of the month of Magh.

At the behest of his guru Ramakrishna once set out to visit various Sants and Sadhus at holy places of pilgrimage. The devotee Kripal Das accompanied him. From Kripal we come to know a great deal about these places of pilgrimage at that

time. He has left descriptions of many of them. We also learn a great deal about the times from the writings of Kabir Das and Labani Das, two members of the sect.

Ramakrishna was delighted by the place named Bithangal on the banks of a very wide river. It is a fact that on the banks of rivers or the edges of vast plains the teachings of the Bauls have the most telling effect. At Bithangal he converted the river pirates to Baul way of life and initiated many fishermen into his creed. Later they made it their religious duty to fly to the rescue of those imperilled by storms on the river or floods or in any way in danger on the water. Their nirvana songs are hymns to the glory of the transcendent Brahma on the shores of the other world.

Sylhet became a holy place because of the saintly lives of Ramakrishna and Jagamohan. Later Bholashah, born in Rafinagar, came under the influence of the tradition they left and made his own contribution to it. Ramjan Mandal of the village Matir in Karansir was a Baul-sadhaka. A washerman by the name of Rakhalsah achieved supreme enlightenment in the Baul creed and was given the title Shah. He lived at Kanaighat on the banks of the Surama river. These names have been mentioned because they are linked with the tradition of Jagamohan.

In *Bharatvarshiya Upasaka Sampradaya* Mahaprabhu Chaitanya is stated to be the first guru of the Bauls. But I find their teachings and their name in existence long before his time. The Neras, Sahajiyas, Kartabhajas and other sects mentioned all describe themselves as Bauls. And there are many sub-divisions among the Bauls too. Not all of them can be traced back to Chaitanya or Virabhadra. It has already been shown that this tradition of sadhana existed in this country before their time. The saint Chaitanya and his followers often described themselves as Bauls. So it is obvious that they knew of them.

Apart from the Bauls themselves many sects have been influenced by them. This is shown in their songs, sayings and other writings. Again there are many among the Bauls who are not formally initiated. To be a Baul is a matter of inward truth. This cannot be made known through these external divisions and sub-divisions.

A Baul sadhaka once answered a question about the Baul doctrine of love thus : "This analytical questioning and testing belongs to those who approach things from the outside. How can it be done in our case ?" Then he sang :

Who is this goldsmith who has come to the lotus pool ?

He tests the lotus with his touchstone ! O dear, O dear !

Scholars have been no more able to grasp the meaning and religion of the Bauls or to explain it than the foreign missionaries were able to grasp the meaning of Indian religion and explain it. How can one acquaint oneself through books with those who are innocent of book-learning ? Literate Bauls have explained themselves through their own writings but the real Baul is rare in literature. Much can be learned from books but if we wish to know what cannot be learned from them we must look beyond them to the people themselves. Manindramohan Basu in his book *Post-Chaitanya Sahajiya Cult of Bengal* has carefully collected and arranged all that he could find about the Bauls in books.

The Sahajiya and Baul teachings are connected in many ways. And everyone will naturally expect to learn more about the Sahajiyas from these books. The way of the Sahajiyas is, to many pure Bauls, beyond the moral pale. Even though the more enlightened Bauls may not observe social customs or traditional religion they subscribe to a high moral standard.

To the Bauls, life is the manifestation of the Brahma, the Supreme Lord. I find this idea in the Upanishads and Vedas also. This life is shut in, kept dumb, without a knowledge

of the Vedas. With this knowledge comes release. The bliss of this moksha, liberation, is what Baul sadhakas strive to achieve; they do not want the pleasures of paradise. The Bauls say that this release, moksha, is the conscious expression of love. Once this moksha is achieved the sadhaka automatically accedes to all the glory of Brahma, even though he has no greed for it. Bauls know man only and seek moksha in love. In their opinion this earthly passionate love is greater than the ambrosia of paradise. So it is that the gods themselves, longing to partake of this love, seek birth as human beings :

Love is my golden touch—it turns desire into service :

Earth seeks to become Heaven, man to become God.

Our love is limited. The love of God is all-pervading. When our love becomes all-pervading it will be pure and divine. The sadhakas will be as replete with love as God himself is.

Love is greater than knowledge. What does it profit us to occupy ourselves wholly with dry knowledge and work, foregoing women? Love is the desired. A loveless man or woman is only a partial, imperfect expression of the truth. Joined in love a man and woman can reach their full and perfect expression. This is not possible in lust. Starved desire wishes to devour the partner.

If one devours the other how can there be union? Lust has no part to play if each is to fulfil the other in pure love. For this it is necessary for both the man and the woman to feel free in their hearts. This sense of freedom is wanting in the external regulations of social custom. This is why the Bauls have no faith in the conventional ways. Neither society nor scripture can be of any assistance on the path of love. Love is greater than the Vedas and Sastras. Human love is far more true than a lifeless knowledge of scripture. According to the Bauls pilgrimages, temples, rites and rituals, fasts and penances avail nothing. Subjecting the body to suffering

does no good. On the contrary the truth may be discovered through reverence for the body. A knowledge of the body must be sought with due homage. According to them the universe is contained in the body. The presiding deity in this temple of the body is the Lord of Creation, Visvanath. So they say :

Whatever exists in the macrocosm
Exists also in the microcosm.

All the holy places of pilgrimage exist within the body and all spiritual discipline takes place in it. Though outwardly an aspirant may appear to conform to social conventions and ceremonial religion, in his heart he does not do so.

Among people the usages of the people ;
With the true guru, the usage of the One.

In the physical discipline of the Bauls the penetration of the four moons is described to be an awesome and mysterious process. But, there are Bauls who belong to higher states of spiritual achievement. Examples of the Baul songs of esoteric physiology are given in the *Bharatvarshiya Upasaka Sampradaya*. The following is one such :

The Sahaja man is the invisible vine.
Unseen he reigns. Where will you find him outside ?
In the invisible is the seed of all,
In the invisible reigns the Beloved.
Through the invisible he informs himself
And speaks through the invisible.
The invisible is a flower and its fragrance
Enraptures the earth.
The root of the vine is invisible,
It has leaves but no branches.
In the feelings of men the vine flowers,
Afloat always in the ancient and true.
Baul, you are bemused. You will not find the way there,
You wander in the dark dream of the passions.

How can you recognize the Man ?
When He catches you He will club you on the head.

Again :

I behold beauty in form and hold up the mirror of passion.

I assuage burning despair.

Mercury has been poured into the fire.

Gosain Guruchand says, Let the heart drown in the sea !

The touch of that water sinks a full boat on dry land.

Bauls of deep spiritual insight say the essence of life is love and the yearning of love. Love is not a theology. Its external, physical way is through care of the body. This enlightened way is not the physical way of penetration of the four moons. The discovery of the universe and union with it within oneself is really a matter of awareness. Danger lies in seeking to give it external representation. Penetration of the four moons means servitude to the tantras and the Yogic sastras. What scope is there for love in it ?

When the true way is found it is possible to summon all castes and denominations to follow it. Neither Hindu nor Muslim encounter any obstacles. Every one understands devotion, affection, love and attraction. It is not the way of society nor of scripture, so the Bauls accept people of all creeds. Many who follow this path are Muslim disciples of Hindus or Hindu disciples of Muslims. They do not believe in missionary preaching or conversion. What is the good of calling a person before water has risen in his well ? When the water rises, it will of itself summon others with its own calling.

Bhakti is described in the *Chaitanya Charitamṛta* as being of two kinds, the devotion of love and the devotion to rule. This pedantic division of bhakti is made in the manner of the goldsmith in the lotus pond. No one can stand between the bride and groom nor remain with them in matters of

love. Their intimates are not permitted to enter the bridal chamber.

A river has three aspects. First it is a mountain stream, then the Ganges of the plains and lastly it merges in the sea. The Bauls also have three stages in their spiritual discipline : i. of the initiate ; ii. of the sadhaka or seeker ; and iii. of the enlightened. Each stage has its accompanying support, the name in the first stage, love and feeling in the second and liberated passion in the third.

I find extreme daring in the way Indian spiritual discipline has gone about trying to explain bhakti. In order to attain God it is necessary to think of him in one of his aspects. Sometimes we think of him as Prabhu, lord, sometimes as father, or as mother, sometimes as friend or beloved. When the scholars seek to frighten aspirants by saying that to do this is anthropomorphism they reply courageously, "How else can we conceive of God except as a human being?" Perhaps God has an infinite glory and aspect of His own. But we have only five senses. So we are forced to experience Him either through the eye, the ear, the nose, the sense of touch or with the tongue. We have no way of knowing Him except as vision, sound, scent, touch and taste. How can we contact Him except in five ways : as servant, as friend, as child, as beloved and in tranquillity? Indian spiritual tradition is not deterred by the charge of anthropomorphism. The best and most intimate of all the ways we can know God is as beloved.

In the relationship of love greater awareness is attained in separation than in union. For, when we are together, we often do not understand one another. This is to say until we lose the jewel we possess, we do not really perceive it. A little distance is necessary for understanding. So it is that Brahma in His fulness, complete in Himself, cannot perceive Himself. Before the creation of the cosmos He did not actually know

Himself. Your self is not to be found in you. You must be projected, objectified, separated into another and then once more made one's own. This Unit, One, is obliged to become two, dual, in the first instance. Later the two parts are, by spiritual striving, reunited in unity. Some find Monism in this, some Dualism. The Bauls define love as constant identity in constant duality. This is why God gives us form through love, for in love will this form be submerged, finding its fulfilment in the formless. Love is great because it can make another one's own and seeks to bring a delicious unity to the separate. The power to acknowledge and know what is separate from oneself belongs to love alone. Love must be between two persons. Between them a feeling of equal freedom and companionship is essential. Both parties must feel free in their love. The Moghul Emperors used to manumit any young slave girl with whom they fell in love. Afterwards she was free to respond to advances or not as she liked. Loving a slave has no meaning. That is why God has given man boundless freedom in matters of love. It is here man's free will finds its fulfilment.

The wonder of love lies in its uncertainty. What pleasure is there in winning without the preliminary oscillation between hope and despair? There is no pleasure in taking what one has in one's hand. The supreme beauty of love lies in winning it through uncertainty. In matters of love men and women are equals. God himself is not greater than man. In love the overbearing power of 'wealth or divinity' is of no avail. Love loses all its greatness where it is a possession.

This is one of the chief tenets of the Baul creed. Another is the worship of woman as *Prakṛti*, Nature, and as *sakhi*, confidante.

What is the meaning of such Nature worship? Knowledge, work and love are the three paths of spiritual discipline. On

the paths of work and knowledge we learn slowly from day to day and come to accept that which is acceptable gradually. These are the pedestrian ways, the ways commonly followed. In love the realization comes suddenly ; it demands immediate recognition. When the inner self awakes instant surrender is necessary. The way of a man is the gradual way of work and knowledge. A woman's way is the way of love. There is nothing gradual about it ; it is immediate.

The life of a man may come to a close as he plods his slow path to the boundless infinite, pushing veil after veil aside. Of veils there is no end. Carlyle has spoken of this in his *Sartor Resartus*. How many veils must man push aside before he sees the infinite face to face ? So the weary pilgrim at last feels that, like a woman, he would like to plunge into instant and easy realization. This is possible only in love. Love is woman's religion. Even a man like Mahaprabhu Chaitanya, frustrated and harassed by his great knowledge, took the plunge into Prakṛti-worship, the worship of God as woman and confidante.

Rabindranath made the acquaintance of Bauls when he was a young man. Those who have read his short story "Bostami," know that. Lalan Fakir lived near his estate at Sheleidah. Lalan was wonderfully gifted. Kangal Harinath Majumdar, alias Fakirchand Baul, was his disciple. All of Harinath's disciples were not exactly Bauls but they achieved a high degree of spiritual enlightenment. The name of Akshaykumar Maitreya of Rajshahi is well-known. Sivachandra Vidyarnava whose book on Tantra, was translated with so much pleasure by Arthur Avalon was also associated with Harinath. Jaladhar Sen, the doyen of Bengali journalists was an intimate.

The first Baul I ever met myself was Nitai Baul of Benares. His home was in Bankura or a little to the west of it.

After I returned to Bengal I met Dagu Baul at his meeting place at Rajbari in Dacca district. It was there that I met Durlabh and Ballabh. They had deep spiritual insight. From them I learned of two great Baul gharanas* and obtained many songs. These gharanas take us back to a very ancient time.

We find Bauls in existence from the very inception of the Bengali language. In 1898 I traced the Bauls back twelve or thirteen generations.

Into one of these gharanas Madan Baul was born. By birth a Muslim, his guru was Ishan, a Yugi or weaver by caste. Ishan's guru was Dina or Dinnath, a Nar or musician by caste. Dina's guru was the Namasudra Harai. Harai's guru was Kalachand, a Barhoi or carpenter by caste. Kalachand's guru was Nityanath and Nityanath's guru Mulnath. Mulnath's guru was Adinath. Manai Fakir, the brother initiate and friend of Nityanath, was by birth a Muslim. These three Bauls with 'Nath' joined to their names suggest an ancient connection between the Nath sect and the Bauls.

Kalahand was one of Nityanath's disciples; into this line came Madan. Gangaram, a Namasudra by caste, was a friend of Madan's. Their friendship was very close although Gangaram was older. Gangaram's guru, Madha, was the disciple of the fisherman Jagai. Nityanath had a disciple named Bala or Balaram who was likewise a fisherman by caste. It is said Nityanath did not initiate Bala. His initiation came about as the result of a certain happening. Let me relate the story:

Bala was a ruler among the fishermen. His jurisdiction extended over the whole of the Meghna though his fishing lease was near Markuli. He lost his wife when he was young. One day, as he was absent-mindedly plying his boat, he saw a mother bidding her newly married daughter fare-

* Gharana is a line of guru-disciple like father-son etc.

well. As the daughter's boat pushed away from the landing the girl pleaded with the boatmen and the musicians to stop their noisy merrymaking for her mother stood weeping on the landing and the sound of her weeping was drowned by the music :

Hush the drums, O drummer bhai, silence the cymbals.

Row slowly, boatman, that I may hear my mother's weeping.

To Bala it seemed that he too was drifting farther and farther away from his Great Mother and that she was weeping because of it. All over the world there is the sound of the Mother sobbing. We drown the sound every day in the noise of the market-place. The yearning in our hearts and our inner aversion to the life of the world finds expression in this weeping. By how many stratagems can we keep ourselves from hearing it ?

Bala went to the sadhaka Nityanath to learn the meaning of his inner suffering. He asked for initiation. Nityanath listened to him and said, "What further initiation can I give you ? The Great Mother herself has already initiated you, appearing to you as the daughter, grieving at parting from her mother. The pain in your heart is the mantra of your initiation. Bala or Balaram remained devoted to Nityanath and later became a great sadhaka. Bala's guru was, in a sense, partly Nityanath and partly the young girl.

I have mentioned Ballabh and Durlabh, the Bauls of Rajbari in Dacca, disciples of Dagū. Durlabh was a man of extremely deep feeling. When Durlabh was young he lost an eight or nine-year-old daughter. The girl seemed to open a door to the beyond for her father at the time of her going and reveal to him the eternal light. When Durlabh sought initiation from Dagū, the sadhaka answered him, "Your daughter is your guru. You are lucky. You are an initiate. Stay with me and show me the way."

Nitai Baul of Benares was married. Let us permit him to speak of himself in his own words : "I gave to the body what is

the body's but it did not help me to find her. Physical desire was an obstacle in the way. Twelve or thirteen years passed without my finding her. Then she left me for the other world. 'Now I am set free from physical desire,' I said to God, 'Permit me to find her'. Another twelve or thirteen years passed. One day for an hour and a half I realized her ; all of me was set alight." So the Baul sings :

To whom do you pay homage, O my heart ?

All that is eternal, all that is evanescent is your guru.

Your gurus are numberless.

Your bridal is your guru, your guru is the agony of death.

The pain in your heart is your guru, and that which makes you weep.

To whom should you pay homage, O my heart ?

Let us go back to the gharana of Balaram Baul. Bala's disciple was Bisha, by caste a Bhuin Mali. His disciple was the fisherman, Jaga Kaibarta. Madha or Madhav, a patial or mat-maker, was Jaga's disciple. Some say Bala was a Kapali. The Kapalis earn their livelihood as weavers of gunny. Madha's disciple, Gangaram, was a Namasudra.

In depth of insight and in beauty of expression their powers are incomparable. Even Rabindranath exclaimed when he saw their songs : "The ability to express the truth so beautifully, so succinctly, so deeply, so simply, so directly is not ours. I really envy them their work".

The home of this Gangaram was near the village of Bainkhara, in Bikrampur. These places have now been washed away by the Padma. He belonged to the fifth generation of the Bauls who are my contemporaries. So he must have lived about two hundred years ago for it is fifty years since this list was drawn up. Madan Baul was a great favourite of Gangaram. Madan's guru was Gangaram's friend, even though slightly older. Ishan guru and his disciple Madan were both bound by affection to Gangaram.

At that time the Bauls had a number of large gathering places in Bikrampur at Dhalchatra, Ruptha, Dhamaran and Rajbari. A branch from Dhalchatra was later founded in Abdullapur and still another at South Shahabajpur.

In Sylhet under the influence of the Jagamohanij community of Bithangal and by the banks of the Meghna under the influence of Bala, many meeting places of Bauls came into existence. Of these Dilli, Bhaira and nearby centres are known as the Astagrami from the name of the chief centre which is in a village called Astagram. This branch later started a centre at Narasingdi near Panchdona in the Dacca district. About a hundred years ago a Baul named Naderchand came to the Narasingdi centre on the banks of the mighty Meghna. He was a highly accomplished sadhaka. I knew his disciple, Benga Baul, and Benga's disciple, Jatin Baul. Of Naderchand I have heard a great deal.

There are several groups of Bauls in North Bengal near Nilfamari known as Karnalkumari, Majhbari and Madhyama. Many have been forced to join Islam by the oppression of orthodox Muslims. What form this oppression takes can easily be seen from the *Edict for the Extermination of the Bauls* issued by the Moulvis. I have however obtained a great deal of information about the Bauls of North Bengal from Kaviraj Basantakumar Lahiri of Nilfamari. If he is still alive he can give more.

Ambar Ali and other Baul sadhakas of high attainments appeared at Ranidiya, a village near the Orail centre in the district of Tripura on the banks of the Meghna. Ambar Ali was also subjected to much oppression. But he was a man without fear. Only after dispossessing himself of all property could a person become his disciple. The aspirant for initiation, if he were a Muslim, had to go to the village mosque, to the village market and to his village home

announcing that he no longer observed the Sara, the rules of the Islamic scriptures. He selected as his disciples only those who were thus tested and found firm under abuse.

I have not been able to disclose the whereabouts of Baul centres before because of the oppression to which sadhakas are often subjected. There have been occasions when, after my having spoken of the Bauls, giving information about them, they have been harassed. All the information about the meeting places of Bauls that has been made public has, however, been obtained from me. I gave some before I understood the reason for not doing so.

There is another danger. Kenduli in Birbhum district has long been a gathering place of Bauls. A fair is held there in memory of Jayadeva every year on the last day of the month of Paush. Many Bauls used to come. They do not take ceremonial baths or offer any services in the Kenduli temple but among themselves they hold high festival. A Baul named Nityananda Das used to attend. I was intimate with him. His guru was Manimohan. Manimohan had an *akbara* or centre at the village of Ketna near Khana junction. Many Bauls also used to gather at the Gopinath Fair at Dainhat. There are groups of Bauls also at Sonamukhi in Bankura and at Khatra in Manbhum district. Bauls of West Bengal gather at all these places. In North Bengal their meeting place is at Premteli near Rajshahi, the venue of their annual festival of Khetur. Research workers and curiosity-mongers began to crowd to these gathering places when their whereabouts became known. Many a Baul has been harassed by their pencils and notebooks. One day Nityananda Das of Kenduli said to me, "Son, I used to come here once a year. But your pencils, aimed at me like so many pistols, are forcing me to leave the place." What we ought to do is to live with them quietly and silently imbibe their message and way of

living. We are unwilling to give them so much of our time and want, in our impatience to finish off everything quickly. So we descend suddenly upon them and worry them with our questions. This acts as impediment to their sadhana.

In this connection let me make a personal explanation. Many have complained that I have not made known to the public the Baul songs and sayings which I have collected. I have something to say about this. This collection was not made as a literary man. My own inner need impelled me to do it. In the work of collection I did not take the help of any literary or learned society, so in that respect I am under no obligation. The sadhakas who gave me the material wish it to be used by other sadhakas in their sadhana. They do not want advertisement in literary circles. On my asking a Baul the reason for their reticence he answered, "Son, this is not literature. It is born of our soul, our most intimate inner life. If some one comes and asks my daughter of me, saying, 'I wish to make her my wife', I ought to consider giving her to him. I am blessed in the giving and he also is blessed and my daughter is blessed as well... But if any one wants her only for the pleasure of a passing moment the request is an accursed one, I am cursed and my child is also cursed. These sayings are not to be tasted for their literary savour. They are for sadhana. They may have literary value but that is not the object of their composition. This is why we do not disclose them. But if any aspirant wants them for guidance and help in his sadhana I never refuse him. I only make sure whether his request is sincere or not."

The Bauls make no effort to propagate their creed. Some of the reasons have already been given. These songs have been composed not as literature but as "spiritual discipline. Literature means the collection and preservation of all that

is old. Bauls take no interest in such work. They prefer new living truth to ancient manuscripts. This is why they have no regard for the compilation of texts. "These old scriptures," they say, "are only the left-overs of old festivals. By the grace of God we shall find fresh nourishment." They sincerely believe that as long as new inspiration is needed in the world it will be forthcoming. Having lost their faith, men gather together and browse upon the refuse of the past. And even dogs abandon such stuff sooner or later. Men are lower than they for men take pride in pointing out the oldest of the dishes. The Bauls sing :

Age may render a lie stale but cannot make it true.

Bauls do not give direct answers to questions often. They reply by singing a song. What a treasure they have in these songs ! And they can think of the right song at the right time.

The names of the composers are frequently unknown. Once I asked an elderly Baul the reason for this, "Is it good to forget the composers like this ?" He said nothing at the time. A little later he pointed to the river and the canal. It was ebb tide. There was little water in the canal. Boats were standing on the mud. One or two small craft were being pushed along. Yet at the same time boats with full sails were passing on the brimming waters of the Padma.

Calling my attention to it he asked, "Do these boats passing under full sail leave any trace of their passage behind them ? The path of that small boat being pushed along is marked plainly in the mud. Which is more natural, which easier ? We are followers of the natural, simple Sahaja way. We do not regard the leaving of artificial footprints as important."

What indeed is our history ? I considered. We do not know the makers of human society ; we are familiar only with

the great killers of men. Our scriptures and all our knowledge are artificial. Why should the simple Sahaja truth allow itself to be caught in them?

To the Bauls the Sahaja is the natural, quiet and simple. How long does nature endure a storm? The simple, quiet and ordinary is that which endures. Lust is artificial and restless, therefore transient. The simple is the quiet, devoid of lust. God is Sahaja. Therefore he has no manifestation, no sound.

Old Ishan Baul was asked what proof there is of the existence of God. Ishan sang :

My beloved is not a broken wheel that creaks all the time.

The progress of the planets and stars in the great sky of the universe is soundless. There is no fanfare. But the broken wheel of an ox-cart creaks all the time. The silence of the cosmos is evidence of its healthy, normal state of ease. It is Sahaja. Life resides in the body with similar ease ; there is no fanfare, no publicity. In the body life is natural, easy ; there is no pain. Where there is pain, there is ill-health and disease.

Because we are unconscious of this ease, this natural state, that does not mean that it is of little value. We are also not aware of our sleep yet it is that which keeps us alive. The Sahaja or natural state is always just beyond the reach of our conscious mind, like our sleep. Yet it is this divine nectar which nourishes and sustains both our daily and our eternal life. This is the natural, the Sahaja, the ripeness which the Bauls seek.

Concluded

Translated from the original Bengali by Lila Ray

BOOK REVIEWS

Tubafatul Munvabbiddin (A GIFT TO DEISTS). RAJA RAMMOHUN ROY. Translated by Moulavi Obaidullah el Obaide from Persian into English in 1883. Reprinted and published in 1949 by the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj. 211 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta. 25 pp. Re 1-0-0.

Rammohun The Universal Man. BRAJENDRANATH SEAL. Address delivered at the death anniversary of Rammohun Roy held at Bangalore on the 27th September, 1924. Reprinted and published by the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, along with another short address by Dr Seal at the Rammohun Roy Centenary Celebrations at Calcutta in 1933. 40 pp. Price not mentioned.

The publishers have done a service to the English-knowing readers interested in the evolution of Modern Indian thought by reprinting these two illuminating writings. The first is of great historical interest. It throws light on the early influence of Islam and Arabic philosophy on the mind of Raja Rammohun Roy who advocates here an unqualified monotheism and vehemently criticizes all popular distortions of such a faith. The translation tries to be as close to the original as possible and therefore makes a heavy reading.

The second is a masterly treatise bearing all the marks of Dr Seal's versatile genius which has scarcely any parallel in modern times. The *Universal Man* could hardly find an abler and greater advocate of the many-sided qualities and mission of his life. The distinctive achievement of Rammohun, according to Dr Seal, is the synthesis — first in his own life and then in his religious, social and political work of the "many excellences which had been found to be contradictory or conflicting in previous history." For religious synthesis Rammohun mastered different languages and read in the original the scriptures of the Hindus, Muslims, Jews and Christians — a gigantic achievement in itself for any individual and unsurpassed till today. He reverently discovered in the original teachings of the great religions a wonderful unity of monotheistic thought which, separated from later distortions, could be the basis of a Universal Religion. Rammohun's universalism in religion, according to Dr Seal, was distinguished from eclecticism in two very important ways worth mentioning here. In Dr Seal's own words: "First, none of these religions was only a *part* of the truth; each in its pristine purity was the truth,

pecially and ethnically expressed or embodied. Secondly, each in his view was to preserve its historic or traditional continuity, though each was to grow by mutual contact and assimilation, and by convergence to a common ideal." (p. 15).

By practising this faith the Raja developed a 'multiple' and 'integral' personality. He was a Brahman, a Muslim and a Christian rolled into a synthetic pattern. His high ideals were personified in him.

But Rammohun did not like to base life only on the authority of the scriptures. These were to him only "the repositories of the collective wisdom of the race." Man needs the guidance of both the wisdom of the past and the light of his own reason. With the acceptance of reason came also his emphasis on the value of modern science. This paved the way to his synthesis of the East and the West.

In social and political reform Rammohun tried, therefore, to take the best from the West and combining them with the best of the indigenous elements of India. Like a Westerner he stressed the importance of the individual in social and political organization which in turn was necessary for the individual's progress. But like an Indian he thought that the ultimate end of social and political organization was not simply the securing of the so-called secular natural right, but real 'happiness' for which inner moral and spiritual discipline of the soul and *nishkama karma* (dispassionate social work for the common good or *lokaśreyas*) were necessary. All these efforts for social, political and educational reform were inspired by his synthetic philosophy.

Rammohun is thus shown as 'the prophet of coming humanity', an early precursor of the chief universalistic trends in modern world culture.

The value of this treatise is much enhanced by the important fact that one can indirectly find here also a brief but clear synopsis of the philosophy of the great Dr Seal who inspired with his vast scholarship and original ideas generations of scholars but who never attempted to write down his own philosophy. The passionate way in which Dr Seal writes shows clearly that Rammohun was his hero and incarnation of his versatile ideals and his unwritten synthetic philosophy.

The book deserves, therefore, wide publicity.

Dhirendramohan Datta

Mahatma : Life of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. D. G. TENDULKAR. Volume III 1930-1934; Volume IV 1934-1938; Volume V 1938-1940; Vol. VI 1940-1945. Published by Vithalbhai K. Jhaveri & D. G. Tendulkar. 64 Walkeshwar Road, Bombay 6. Rs 25-0-0 per volume.

The second volume of Tendulkar's monumental life of Gandhi closed with the passing of the Independence resolution at the Lahore Congress on the last day of 1929. Gandhi seemed at the height of his power. Volume Three closes with his resignation from the Congress four years later. What were the events in between? The salt march to Dandi, the Round Table Conference, the campaign against untouchability and Gandhiji's definition of a dynamic approach to Swadeshi. The self-imposed ban on politics continues through Volume Four. During the four years from 1934-1938 Gandhi developed his technique of constructive revolution and formed his two complementary associations for village work, the A. I. S. A. and the A. I. V. I. A. The Harijan movement was in full swing and the unrest in the country was spreading to the Indian states. Abroad, these were the years of Hitler and Mussolini and Munich. The Congress swept the polls in the elections of 1937 and two years later we find Gandhi back in politics, conducting the Rajkot struggle. The onset of war brought gagging orders. At a time when supreme violence was at work in the world Gandhiji not only persistently reiterated the practical value of non-violent methods as a means of solving the world's problems; he practised and preached. A complete breach with the Viceroy came in 1940. Volume Five closes with the inauguration of War Resistance by Vinoba Bhave.

Benedetto Croce describes Goethe's Iphigenie as one who "finds in the categorical imperative of truthfulness which implies at the same time justice to others, the strength to convince others and to obtain their voluntary and complete consent, thus completing her work of salvation without staining it with a lie or an injustice." This beautiful passage describes Gandhi as accurately as it does Iphigenie.

"Should we not confine our pursuit of truth to ourselves and not press it upon the world, because, we know that it is ultimately limited in character?" was one of the questions put to Gandhi by Nirmal Bose in 1934.

"You cannot so circumscribe truth even if you try," answered Gandhi. "Every expression of truth has in it the seeds of propagation, even as the sun cannot hide its light."

He extended this principle to non-violence. Elsewhere he says, "I hold

that non-violence is not merely a personal virtue. It is also a social virtue to be cultivated by the expression of non-violence in its mutual dealings. What I ask for is an extension of it on a larger national and international scale."

In the clear light of Gandhiji's teaching the monstrous weapons, ever more deadly, which daily newspapers announce exultingly are seen for what they are, the devices of moral cretins, infantile and irresponsible in conception, criminal in use.

The sixth volume fully maintaining the standard set by Tendulkar in its predecessors, covers the period from 1940 to 1945. It gives us the record of India's twofold struggle in both its local and universal aspects. India was fighting to free herself from political subjugation. A parallel conflict, the conflict between violent traditional methods of settling disputes and the revolutionary methods of non-violence, involved her no less deeply. It is not always easy to distinguish between the two conflicts and in a sense they are inseparable for it was in India's struggle for independence that non-violence was first applied as a positive means of achieving a great political objective. Any study of the methods employed in non-violent procedure necessitates a study of the national movement. Yet the implications extend far beyond it.

The situation was complicated further by many contradictory and confusing cross-currents. India was ranged against England in her national aspirations and she was her ally *vis-a-vis* the Fascist powers. As an Asiatic country she had sympathy with and admiration for Japan, but the aggression against China violated her deepest feelings. The play of all these forces through the life and mind of India makes a fascinating study. The pressures and tensions they created cost many thousands of lives. We see the staunchest spirits breaking. Mahadev Desai was one of those who died. And we find Gandhiji imploring the Government to relieve him of the responsibility of nursing the dying Kasturba, for he could not bear to look on her agony as she lay a helpless prisoner in a palace, denied medical attendance. Here in this book we have also the story of his desperate fast, his release and the subsequent negotiations, long, wrangling, querulous, which taxed his depleted strength and inexhaustible patience to the utmost, first with the British Government and later with Jinnah. Through it all runs, a shining cord of gold, his great faith in his message and his methods. It prevented tragedy. There is no enmity between India and England today. No more positive proof of the efficacy of non-violent means is needed. We live in an age of unprecedented cruelty and intolerance yet it has seen the discovery and the

development of the antidote for these things. If ruthlessness is nobody's monopoly, as Gandhi said in his message to Japan in 1942, goodness is also natural to man, perhaps more natural. Here is the story of how one man, unsupported by any outward authority, scorning the use of force, confronted, in the words of Albert Einstein, "the brutality of Europe with the dignity of the simple human being" and defeated it. He was an old weak man for Gandhi was seventy when the war began.

Sarvodaya. M. K. GANDHI. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 1951. 61 pp. Re 1-0-0.

After the assassination of Gandhi the oldest and most devoted of his co-workers formed a fellowship at Wardha under the name, *Sarvodaya Samaj*. *Sarvodaya* is the word chosen by Gandhi as the nearest equivalent to Ruskin's *Unto This Last*. It is the title of his Gujarati translation of that book. It means, literally, Mercy to All. In contrast to the English phrase 'the greatest good of the greatest number' as a principle of statecraft which, Vinoba points out in an article included in this brochure, contains in it the germs of the minority and majority problem, *sarvodaya* means the good of each and every one.

This brochure has been published in response to many inquiries about this fellowship, its function, membership and so forth. It contains relevant selections from the writings of Gandhi and those among his co-workers who are members. The aim of the fellowship is to strive towards the establishment of a society based on Truth and Non-violence, a society in which there will be no distinction of caste and creed, no opportunity for exploitation and which will afford full scope for the development of the individual and group.

The Sarvodaya Samaj does not, however, act as an organization. It undertakes no work or programme in its own name and members are free from organizational control and subject to no external authority. The only proviso is that members must believe in and engage in work consistent with the aims of the Samaj. "No less than eight items of the constructive programme," writes K. G. Mashruwalla, are common to many parts of the world. They are basic education, prohibition, social service, the cause of peace, the message of the homespun and the resolving of racial and other conflicts between sections of the human race. Membership is therefore open to people of all nationalities and denominations. Membership is not solicited and those who wish to join must apply to the Secretary, Wardha.

Lila Ray

Humanistic Ethics. GARDNER WILLIAMS. Philosophical Library, New York.
1951. 223 pp. \$ 3. 75.

This is a bold and clear exposition of a naturalistic ethical theory as against an idealistic one which tradition, both academic and cultural, generally champions. Traditional ethics starts with a distinction between 'is' and 'ought' which implies a dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs, man's actual nature and his motives for action, and delineates some ideal which man faintly perceives but what he should consciously translate in practice. To decide to pursue what we ordinarily are pleased to pursue is no ethical programme but to commit what is called a naturalistic fallacy. The present author would have done well if he discussed this aspect of his naturalism and defended himself against the traditionalists. His theory is *hedonic individual relativism*. He accepts the basic teaching of egotistic hedonism and of individual relativism. Each individual is isolated from others and his good is absolute for him and this is what gives him maximum long range satisfaction. Social good is the result of individual good which is basic. Naturally the author has to explain his attitude towards clash of interests proceeding from individualism and also towards what we call spiritual love for all, non-violence and self-sacrifice which seem to contradict his hedonistic naturalism. His attitude is that the test of force will decide the conflict of interests and non-violence is a poor idea. Love and self-sacrifice, unless they are satisfying or selfish in the long run are not good.

It is obvious that such doctrines as the author puts forward are appealing to the intellect that wants to face the consequences of our present bio-physical nature and to lay out a creed of life in keeping with it. Nor is it absolutely sordid as an idealist might think, for as a social animal man is evolving many interests which are egotistically satisfying yet beneficial to society, e. g. love of his neighbour and of refinement. Nevertheless this ethics leaves one in despair. For it does not show a way out of the present relativism and hedonism which are leading mankind to chaos. Certainly we must not use reason to rationalize our actual bio-physical nature but to search out, explicate and strengthen our latest spiritual nature which transcends our egotistic desires that separate man from man. No ethical theory can be really satisfying if it does not recognize that higher order consciousness in us and our possibility of realizing that in practice.

P. J. Chaudhury

Indo-Iranian Studies, I. J. C. TAVADIA. Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan. 1949. 95 pp. Rs 5-0-0.

The Hamburg Lecturer Dr Tavadia is the only one among the present generation of Iranists who commands at the same time the Western literature on the subject as also the efforts of the Parsis for their tradition. The seven studies comprised in this first part are a result of his activity as Visiting Professor at Santiniketan after the last War. On the one hand they serve as information and critique, on the other as illustration. The reviewing part is meant to acquaint the Indians of today with the present European scholars and with the most important of their works. The critique is devoted principally to the method of work among the Parsi scholars of today and thereby brings for us all sorts of worth-knowing details about their research and teaching activities. The illustrating part shows, by means of a number of select questions, the ways how progressive work can be achieved. Two essays deserve special mention: the very thoughtful demonstration of poetical parts in a Middle Persian "Handarz" - text and the interpretation of several strophes from the Zoroastrian Gathas according to the very sound principles which Tavadia has in the meantime fully set forth in a long essay "Zur Interpretation der Gatha des Zarathustra" in ZDM. G100 (1950) 205-245. With "Some Remarks on a Sanskrit-Chinese Glossary with Special Reference to Iranian Words Therein" the author attacks also the field of Central Asiatic cultural relations. The readers of "Islam" will be specially interested in essay III "Iranistic and Islamic Studies" and essay V "Some Gleanings from Al-Biruni." In the publication of this little volume we see a promising and fruitful revival of scientific exchange and we hope for still more such contributions from the rich, scholarly experience of Tavadia and perhaps of many others.

Wolfgang Lentz

(Translated from German)

Songs of Zarathushtra. DASTUR FRAMROZE ARDESHIR BODE and PILLOO NANAVUTTY. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 1952. 127 pp. 8s 6d.

This is a new volume in the series of "Ethical and Religious Classics of East and West", sponsored by the ever-progressive publishers "in the belief that all the great religions have similarities that confirm and differences that enrich men's spiritual outlook upon the world."

It deals with the tenets of Zoroaster, as they have been handed down to posterity in the *gathas* (divine songs) composed in the main by him with occasional verses by his disciples. These songs describe the intimate communings of the soul with God, say the competent translators in the Introduction. But these communings are not exclusively only expressions of ecstatic adoration of the All-Highest. They are also a rosary of "practical precepts on *active good works*"—a prominent feature of the faith of the Prophet of Persia. Thus, the *gathas* dwell on the truth of the spirit as well as on the spirit of truth as evident in its impact on the work-a-day life of the votary. As such, in the words of S. Radhakrishnan, who contributed the Foreword, "they give us hope that, if we follow the divine light, darkness that troubles and degrades us may gradually disappear." To wit :

Whoever brings untold bliss to others will be given that bliss by Mazda Ahura (Lord of life and wisdom) who ruleth at will (p. 71).

Through this Most Holy Spirit, the best life will be cultivated by him who speaks with the words from the mouth and tongue of the Good Mind, and whose actions are performed by the hands of Aramaite (Divine Devotion). (p. 88).

The goodly power of free choice is a divine dispensation surpassing all others. By means of man's discriminating acts, it fulfils even his deepest desire through Asha (Divine Law and Order). (p. 99).

Indeed, perceptions of the Supreme Spirit and purity of the senses (including, of course, the mind) and self-expression constitute the core of the creeds of Zoroaster. The present publication is an incentive to such an attainment.

G. M.

Indians Outside India. N. V. RAJKUMAR. All India Congress Committee, New Delhi. 1951. 90 pp. As 0-14-0.

Struggle for Equality. P. S. JOSHI. Hind Kitabs, Bombay. 1951. 304 pp. Rs 5-8-0.

The purpose of Dr Rajkumar's pamphlet is to keep alive before us the problem of the Indians living abroad. At present there are about four and a half million of them. They are mostly the descendants of the second and third generations of those who migrated as indentured labour decades ago. Most of the countries to which they had been taken had a small ruling class consisting of the whites. It was the settled policy of that ruling class to

keep the Asiatic and African masses in perpetual subjection and poverty. That policy is not yet a thing of the past. Indian settlers even today suffer under many humiliating discriminatory laws in those countries. Ordinarily a Government is not required to worry about its nationals who migrate to set up permanent home elsewhere. The official view of the Government of India is also that Indians living permanently abroad should become loyal citizens in their countries of adoption. But as the most elementary rights of citizenship are being denied to Indians in many countries, the Government here cannot forget their cause.

In South Africa the discriminatory policy of the white ruling class has gone from bad to worse during the course of the last half-century. Mr Joshi who has lived there for more than thirty years has told the story of the colour bar and has discussed the origin and working of the pernicious policy of "Apartheid". He has no pretensions to literary skill, but his story has the virtue of being simple and straightforward. The doings of the whites in South Africa deserve wide publicity all over the world, particularly in the English-speaking countries.

Asim Datta

Economic Aspects of the Indian Constitution. B. R. MISRA. Orient Longmans Ltd., 17, Chittaranjan Avenue, Calcutta 13. 1952. 84 pp. Rs 4-0-0.

This book by Dr Misra, Professor of Applied Economics and Commerce at Patna University, will be welcomed by teachers and students, because it gives us in brief all that is required to understand and to interpret the economic aspects of the present Indian Constitution. Unlike the conventional writers on the subject, through his lucid style and objective analysis, the author has refreshingly denied any intention to make the layman a constitutionalist overnight.

The plan of the work is simple and comprehensive. Firstly, an account has been given of the economic functions of the State in the light of the Fundamental Rights and Directive Principles of the State Policy. Secondly, the division of revenues between the States and the Union has been quite elaborately dealt with with reference to the changes brought about in the financial administration of the country. Thirdly, towards co-operation between the Union and the States in regard to a unified economic policy, he has very clearly examined the relevant clauses of the Constitution relating to the freedom of inter-state trade and commerce. Finally, he has drawn up an

interesting comparative study of the financial position of the States *vis-à-vis* the Union under the Government of India Act of 1935 and the present Constitution.

But we do not quite agree with the author when he says that "the oft-repeated fallacious arguments of West Bengal and Bombay, claiming special treatment for grants-in-aid based on the so-called indirect contributions made by them in the shape of customs and income tax, are groundless" (p. 18). It is true that such claims should not be made on the assumption that each state has a natural right to the revenues collected within its boundaries. There is also no denying the truth that when all the states are component units of one nation, "the good fortune of these states is clearly dependent upon the general economic prosperity of the country as a whole". Still, in all fairness to the concept of economic welfare, we must say that the question of grants-in-aid should be liberally considered for bearing additional recurring administrative costs by border States like Assam, West Bengal and East Punjab due to the disabilities consequent upon the partition of India. Of course, we do not underestimate the necessity of bringing up the level of administration and raising the standard of social services in certain States and backward regions, provided such expenditure is justified by the size and importance of the States.

Nripendra Bhattacharya

American Days: A Traveller's Diary. P. E. DUSTOOR. Foreword by Pearl Buck. Orient Longmans Ltd., Calcutta. 1952. 325 pp. Rs 8-8-0.

Dr Dustoor's *American Days* is a delightfully readable book, both in parts and as a whole. America is almost everywhere in the world today and she with her amalgam of races and clash of cultures is an epitome of the world herself. A visit to what is now no more the New World is still a great opportunity, and Dr Dustoor has made good use of it by cultural contacts with a people whose essential virtues are "friendliness and cheerfulness", and by interpreting the heritage of India's culture to them. His American tour has indeed been a two-way traffic. He has taken and given, and it is in the spirit of 'give and take' that the consciousness of a common humanity can grow. It is refreshing to know that he has met with Americans who are not at all boastful of their present power and position in the world but genuinely anxious to learn "the secret of happiness and contentment from cultures" long despised by them. His appreciation of American virtues is not unmixed.

with a sense of regret for their treatment of the minorities, an evident "failure in American Democracy." He is candid and lucid without being over-emphatic. He has a true sense of poise and balance. He does not profess to stir us to depths but just gives us a 'a dram of soothing reading before turning out the light.' The stories and anecdotes which are a part of his narrative have, besides their elucidative value, a relish of humour which adds interest to his book. Dr Dustoor has not only enjoyed his tour but obtained a second enjoyment in telling us what he has himself seen, felt and done in it. He possesses the artistic quality of flashing pictures into the reader's imagination. His style is pleasantly expressive and 'the Graces' have not been overlooked although the notes in the travel diary have been jotted down "at top-speed". It may be added that Dr Dustoor is a professor of English at the University of Allahabad, a member of the Indian P. E. N. and of the Allahabad Rotary Club, all of which he represented at different meetings and conferences which took place in America during 1947, the year of his sojourn.

S. N. Sen Gupta

More Stories from Tagore. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 1951. 152 pp. Rs 1-6-0.

Macmillan's *Stories from Tagore* has enjoyed considerable popularity since its publication a good many years back equally among schoolmen and general readers. A fresh venture in this field was long overdue. We have no doubt that *More Stories from Tagore* will fulfil the expectation of the publishers and find its place in school syllabus as a text-book or as a rapid reader. This low-priced book will also serve to bring some of Tagore's most interesting stories to a wider public. The stories included in this volume have been taken from three English collections: *Mashi*, *Hungry Stones* and *Broken Ties*. They exemplify some of Tagore's unique qualities as a story-writer: namely, fantasy, irony, a sure eye for the nuances in a delicate human situation, and feeling for nature. These are the stories in which the Poet defies the barriers between the natural and the supernatural, between cool-headed analysis and superstition grown fantastic, between cruel irony and the warmth and colour of human feeling. He moves around with such grace and spontaneity that even the most hard-headed critic is apt to be helplessly caught up in the spell that he weaves.

Sunil Sarkar

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Doubting Thomas Today.* RUSSEL P. DAVIES. Philosophical Library, New York. 1953. 544 pp. \$ 4. 75.
- Buddhism and Zen.* Compiled, edited and translated by NYOGEN SENZAKI and RUTH STROUT McCANDLESS. Philosophical Library, New York. 91 pp. \$ 3. 75.
- Atoms, Men and God.* PAUL E. SABINE. Philosophical Library, New York. 1953. 226 pp. \$ 3. 75.
- Gandhian Techniques in the Modern World.* PYARELAL. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 1953. iv+69 pp. Re 1-0-0.
- Gandharvas and Kinnaras in Indian Iconography.* VIDYARATNA R. S. PANCHAMUKHI (Director, Kannada Research Institute, Dharwar). Kannada Research Institute, Dharwar. 1951. 58 pp. Rs 2-0-0.
- The Great Liberation (Mahanirvan Tantra).* ARTHUR AVALON (Sir JOHN WOODROFFE). Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Ltd., Madras 17. 1953. Third Edition. xviii+462+xxviii+473 pp. Rs 30-0-0.
- A Triennial Catalogue of Manuscripts* (collected during 1937-38 to 1939-40 for the Government Oriental Manuscript Library, Madras). T. CHANDRASEKHARAN. Vol. X — Sanskrit B. Government Press, Madras. 1952. xxxiii+8141 to 8412 pp. Rs 12-4-0.
- The Golden Apocalypse.* ROMEN. Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1953. iv+102 pp.
- Elements of Yoga.* SRI AUROBINDO. Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1953. 120 pp. Rs 2-0-0.
- Samskaras.* SRI HAMSA YOGI. The Suddha Dharma Office, Mylapore, Madras. 1951. iv+57+55+9 pp. Rs 2-8-0 or \$ 1. 25.
- The Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo — Part I.* RISABHCHAND. Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1953. 95 pp. Rs 3-0-0.
- Gautama-Dharmasutra-Parisista* (Second Prasna). Ed. A. N. KRISHNA AIYANGAR. The Adyar Library. 1948. xlvi+137 pp. Rs 2-2-0.
- Haricarita.* PARAMESWAR BHATTA. The Adyar Library. 1948. iv+86 pp. Rs 5-0-0.

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

- Buddhist Hybrid Sanskrit Reader*. Edited with notes by FRANKLIN EDGERTON. Yale University Press. 1953. 76 pp. \$ 2. 50.
- Buddhist Hybrid Sanskrit Grammar and Dictionary* — Vol. I : Grammar. Edited by FRANKLIN EDGERTON. Yale University Press. 1953. xxx+239 pp. \$ 15 for 2 vols.
- Buddhist Hybrid Sanskrit Grammar and Dictionary* — Vol. II : Dictionary. Ed. by FRANKLIN EDGERTON. Yale University Press. \$ 15 for 2 vols.
- Kama-Kala-Viśāṣa*. ARTHUR AVALON. Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Ltd., Madras 17. 1953. 2nd Edition. xix+95+110 pp. Rs 6-0-0.
- India, 1953*. A reference annual. Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, India, Publications Dvn., Govt. of India, Delhi 8. 1953. 423 pp. Rs 5-0-0.
- Mahatma* (Life of M. K. Gandhi). D. G. TENDULKAR. Illustrations collected and arranged by Vithalbhai K. Jhaveri. Vol. 7 — 1945-47. Jhaveri & Tendulkar, 64 Walkeshwar Road, Bombay 6. 1953. xiv+506 pp. Rs 25/-.
- Anecdotes from Gandhiji's Life*, Part III. National Heritage Series. Macmillan and Co. Ltd. 1953. 79 pp. 0-11-0.
- The Reign of Quantity and the Signs of the Times*. RENE GUENON. Translated by Lord Northbourne. Luzac & Co. Ltd., London. 1953. 363 pp. 25 s.
- Talks on Jñānāyoga*. SWAMI ISWARANANDA. Sri Ramkrishna Ashrama, Trichur. ii+iii+123+iii pp. Rs 1-8-0.
- In the Image of Mao Tse-tung*. K. A. ABBAS. People's Publishing House Ltd., Bombay. 1953. 105 pp. Rs 2-4-0.
- Bhooḍan Jajna*. VINOBA BHAVE. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 1953. xi+134 pp. Rs 1-8-0.
- Capital and Labour in the Jute Industry*. INDRAJIT GUPTA (Trade Union Publ. Series — No. 1). All-India Trade Union Congress, Bombay. 1953. 63 pp. Rs 0-8-0.
- The Crisis of Indian Economy*. B. T. RANADIVE. People's Publishing House Ltd., Bombay. 1953. xii+224 pp. Rs 3-12-0.

CONTRIBUTORS

ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN gave up his job as Teaching Fellow in Social Sciences at Harvard University in 1950. After giving a series of extension lectures on *Aspects of American Life* at Oxford, he moved on to the Department of Education, University of Utrecht, Holland. He is now in India on a study-tour and has already visited the different Indian Universities.

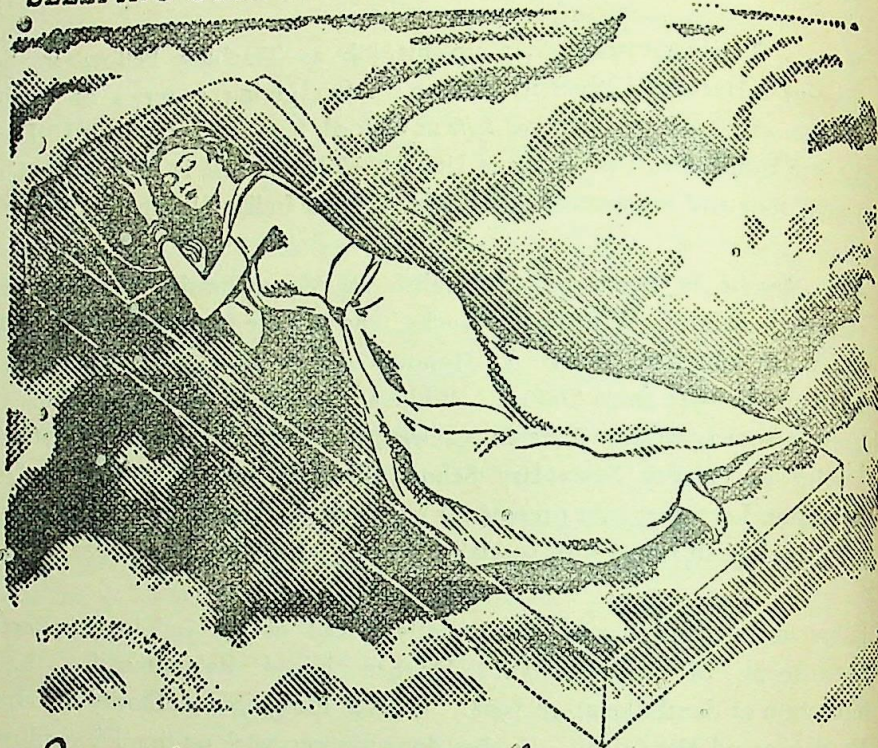
ROY NORTH is Professor of English at Visvabharati. Educated at the Grammar School, Wolverton, Bucks, and at the Lincoln College, Oxford, Mr North obtained his B. A. Honours degree in English Language and Literature in 1949 from Oxford. While at Oxford, he was President of the Literary Society of the Lincoln College, and was till recently Teacher of English at County Secondary School, Bletchley, and also a part-time Adult Education Lecturer. At present Mr North is working on a book about the modern English novel with special reference to the work of George Orwell.

KSHITIMOHAN SEN was till recently Head of the Indological Research Department of Visvabharati. Dr Sen joined Rabindranath Tagore's institution at Santiniketan in 1908. He is a recognized authority on Indian Mysticism and Hinduism. He has done pioneer work on the life and work of Kabir, Dadu and other mediæval mystic saints of India and has published authoritative books on the subject, notably *Mediæval Mysticism of India*. Rabindranath Tagore's *The Religion of Man* contains an informative note on the Bauls of Bengal prepared by Dr Sen. At present he is the Vice-Chancellor of Visvabharati.

LILA RAY, a regular contributor to *The Indian P. E. N.*, *The Visvabharati Quarterly* and *The Aryan Path*, expects to publish in book form a short introduction to the Bauls, *The Mystic Minstrels of Bengal*, together with a number of Baul songs which she has rendered into English, in the near future. Her book, *A Challenging Decade : Bengali literature in the forties*, is in the press.

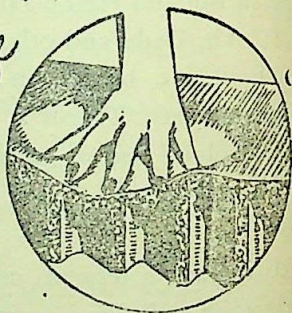
LILA MAJUMDAR, distinguished Bengali writer for children, is particularly well known for her books *Din-Dupure* and *Padi-Pishir Barmi-Bakesha*. She is an able translator from Bengali and is an active member of the Indian P. E. N.

SLEEPING COMFORT...



Soft as a cloud... Cool as a mountain breeze

This picture seeks to express something of the comfort, something of the soft billowy luxury of Dunlopillo mattresses, pillows and cushioning. These qualities are no fairy fancies—the millions of tiny, inter-connected, air-filled cells of Dunlopillo foamy latex do, in fact, invite unbelievable relaxation and repose. All over the world, Dunlopillo is every day more widely accepted as the ultimate in restful comfort.



DUNLOPILLO

THE ORIGINAL LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

Listen in every Friday at 8-45 p.m. to the Dunlopillo programme
FESTIVAL OF WALTZES over 25 metre band of Radio Ceylon.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. (INDIA) LTD.

Huges Road Bombay 7
Mori Gate Delhi

57-B Free School Street
Calcutta 16

4/29 Mount Road Madras 2
3 Shahnajaf Road Lucknow

DPX 173

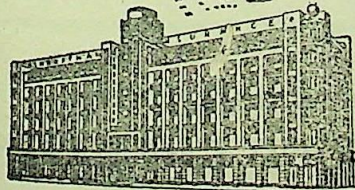
Looking into the mirror

THE 46th ANNUAL REPORT of the Hindusthan for 1952 once again reflects the soundness, integrity and strength as also the continued public confidence which have always attended its career.

NEW BUSINESS
Rs. 16,38,79,298

Assurances in Force...	Rs. 86,71,85,040
Total Assets...	,, 22,49,83,056
Life & Misce. Fund...	,, 19,77,76,287
Premium Income...	,, 3,94,22,371
Claims Paid...(1952.)	,, 88,82,271

*a human institution
to meet human needs*



**HINDUSTHAN CO-OPERATIVE
INSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.**

Hindusthan Buildings, 4, Chittaranjan Avenue, Calcutta -13



EXCELLENT SUSTAINER

IN

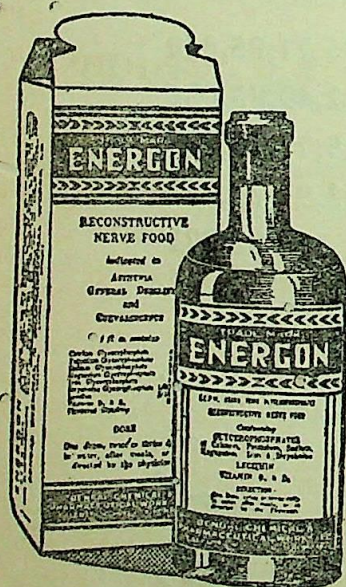
CONVALESCENCE AND MENTAL FATIGUE

ENERGON

THE ENERGY-GIVING TONIC

Combination of

Glycerophosphates, Strychnine
Vitamin B complex and Lecithin.



BANISHES FATIGUE

TONES THE NERVES

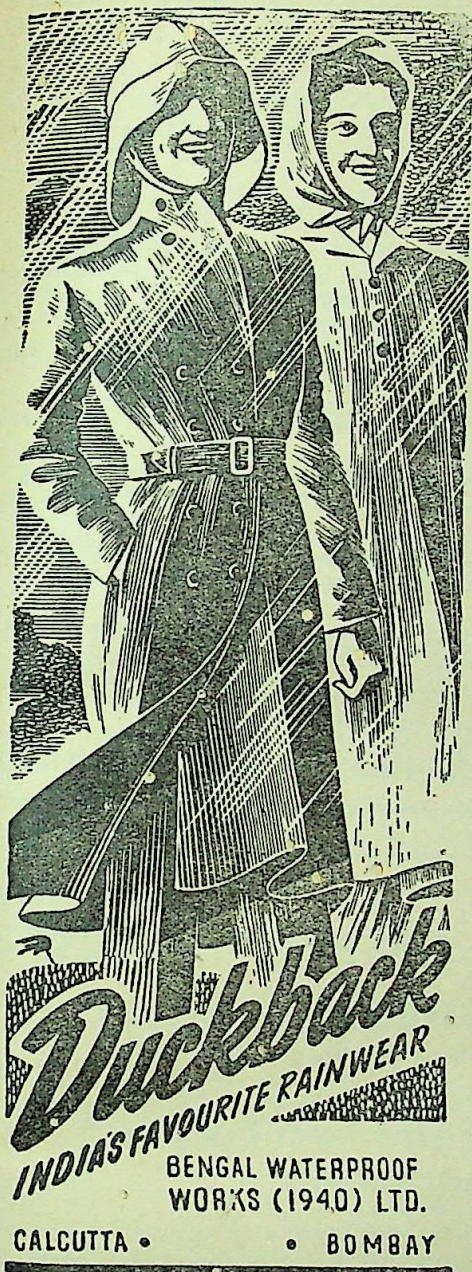
HELPS DIGESTION

RESTORES HEALTH

Obtainable from
ALL GOOD CHEMISTS

BENGAL CHEMICAL & PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LIMITED.

CALCUTTA : BOMBAY : KANPUR



We also Manufacture
Rubber Cloth
Hot Water Bags
Ice Bags
Air Beds
Air Pillows
Air Rings
Air Cushions
Surgical Aprons
Gum Boots
ETC.

DUCKBACK WATERPROOFS BENGAL WATERPROOF WORKS (1940) LTD

Head Office : 32, THEATRE ROAD, CALCUTTA

Branch : 377, Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay

Showrooms : 12, Chowringhee & 86, College St., Calcutta

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

AWAKENED INDIA

(Started by Swami Vivekananda in 1896)

Now in its 58th Year

The premier English monthly conducted by the Monks of the Ramakrishna Mission, devoted to universal religion and philosophy, culture, education, and art and other topics of national and international interest. It keeps its readers in intimate touch with the cultural side of Indian national life, both ancient and modern.

The journal is popular and is widely circulated all over the world and is esteemed highly as the following opinions will show :

RABINDRANATH TAGORE : "Admire its writings as contributions to pure Indian culture".

Dr. S. RADHAKRISHNAN : "I have been a regular reader of *Prabuddha Bharata* and can say that its sanity in dealing with religious doctrine and discipline has been its most impressive characteristic".

COUNT HERMAN KEYSERLING : "I think *Prabuddha Bharata* is one of the most interesting and important magazines that one can find today in any country".

Subscribers are enrolled throughout the year but with effect from January, April, July, or October. Relative back issue will be supplied.

Annual Subscriptions : India, Burma, and Ceylon Rs. 5/-, Foreign 14 sh, U.S. \$ 4.00

ADVAITA ASHRAMA, 4 Wellington Lane, Calcutta-13

JUST OUT !

JUST OUT !!

SRI RAMAKRISHNA—THE GREAT MASTER

By SWAMI SARADANANDA

(*A Direct disciple of the Master*)

Originally written in Bengali in 5 Vols. under the name "Sri Ramakrishna Lilaprasanga." Faithful literal English Translation

By SWAMI JAGADANANDA

In this book the reader will find the most authentic and exhaustive account and most rational estimate of the unique life and sadhana of the Master.

Detailed Contents, Index and Glossary. Profusely Illustrated.

Frontispiece by Dr. Nandalal Bose

Royal Octavo Size.

Pages 1,050.

Very attractive Get Up.

Price : Calico Rs. 25/- Morocco Rs. 35/-

For subscribers of *Vedanta-Kesari* Rs. 24/- and Rs. 33/8/- respectively.

Subscribe : THE VEDANTA KESARI

Entered 40th year in May 1953. Full of illuminating and inspiring articles. Illustrated Annual Issue in every May. Subscription Rs. 5/- for one year. No extra charge for the Annual Issue for the subscribers.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA MATH, MADRAS 4

THE INDIAN JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORK

Editor : A. R. WADIA

*A Quarterly devoted to the promotion of professional Social Work,
scientific interpretation of social problems and advancement
of social research*

ISSUED IN JUNE, SEPTEMBER, DECEMBER AND MARCH

June 1953 Issue

A SPECIAL NUMBER

Containing Proceedings of
The First All India Conference of Labour and Welfare Officers
(Bombay, April, 1953)

SECTIONS

Philosophies of Labour
Welfare Practice in Industries

Training of Welfare Officers
Future Scope of Conference

Review on Air
Delegates Etc.

Annual Subscription : Rs. 10/- (Inland)

Single Copy : Rs. 2/8/-

Published by

TATA INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

Bureau of Research and Publications

105-109, Ghodbunder Road, Andheri

B O M B A Y

BACK NUMBERS OF QUARTERLY

Complete Volumes

Vols. I, II, IV, V, VI, XI, XV, XVI & XVIII

Numbers

Vol. III Part 1 ; Vol. VII Parts 3 & 4 ; Vol. X Parts 2-4 ;

Vol. XII Part 4 ; Vol. XIII Part 3 ; Vol. XIV Parts 1, 2 & 3 ;

Vol. XVII Parts 3 & 4.

Rates are Rs 2-8-0 per single copy and Rs 8-0-0 for a whole volume
post-free for regular subscribers and Rs 3-0-0 per single
copy and Rs 10-0-0 for a whole volume
post-free for the rest.

MANAGER

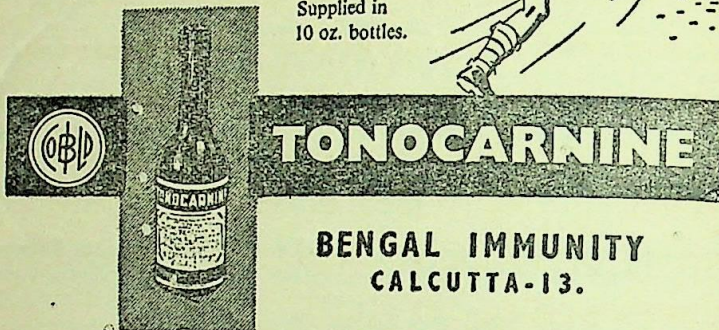
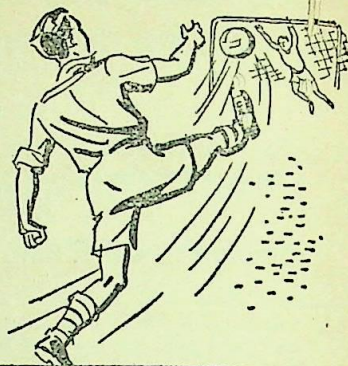
VISVABHARATI QUARTERLY

SANTINIKETAN P. O., WEST BENGAL, INDIA

*way to health
and vigour...*

For quick recuperation of normal health
Tonocarnine is the food of choice. It
contains adequate amounts of proteins,
vitamins and essential minerals.

Supplied in
10 oz. bottles.



STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE AESTHETICS

Pravasjivan Chaudhury, M. A.,
P. R. S., D. PHIL. (CAL.)

Pages 127

Price : Rs 5-0-0

In all these studies, except one, Dr. Chaudhury has dealt with certain important problems in modern aesthetics in the light of classical Indian theories of 'rasa' and 'dhvani'. The latter, mostly taken from Abhinavagupta, have been broadly interpreted against the background of modern psychology before being applied for solving these problems. In the words of the author, his aim is "to discover affinities and resemblances in the philosophical ideas of the East and the West, and to see, if by a liberal interpretation of the former the problems of the West may be helped." These problems, which centre round those of aesthetic distance, objectivity, communi-

cation and delight, are thus approached with a faith in "the reconstruction and development" of ancient theories to bring them into relation with the new ones.

The last study is an exposition of Tagore's aesthetics, in which Dr. Chaudhury discusses the Poet's theory of beauty, and makes a comparison of his ideas with those of Croce.

The book contains the following chapters :

1. A Sketch of a Theory of Poetry
2. Objectification of Feeling in Art
3. Psychical Distance: its aesthetic and metaphysical significance
4. Psychical Distance in Indian Aesthetics
5. The Problem of Artistic Truth
6. Emotive Meaning in the Light of Indian Aesthetics
7. The Theory of Rasa
8. The Theory of Suggestion in Poetry
9. A Vedantic Aesthetics
10. Aesthetics of Rabindranath Tagore

अथेयं विश्वभारती । यत्र विश्वं भवत्येकनीडम् ॥ प्रयोजनम् अस्याः समासतो
 व्याख्यास्यामः ॥ एष नः प्रत्ययः — सत्यं ह्येकम् ॥ पन्थाः पुनरस्य नैकः ।
 विचित्रैव हि पथिभिः पुरुषा नैकदेशवासिन एकं तीर्थमुपासन्ति — इति
 हि विज्ञायते ॥ प्राची च प्रतीची चेति द्वे धारे विद्यायाः । द्वाभ्यामप्येताभ्याम्
 उपलब्धव्यमैक्यं सत्यस्याखिललोकाश्रयभूतस्य — इति नः संकल्पः ॥ एतस्यै-
 वैक्यस्य उपलब्धिः परमो लाभः, परमा शान्तिः, परमं च कल्याणं पुरुषस्य —
 इति हि वयं विजानीमः ॥ सेयमुपासनीया नो विश्वभारती विविधदेश-
 प्रथिताभिर्विचित्रविद्याकुसुममालिकाभिरिति हि प्राच्याश्च प्रतीच्याश्चेति
 सर्वेऽप्युपासुकाः सादरमाह्वयन्ते ॥

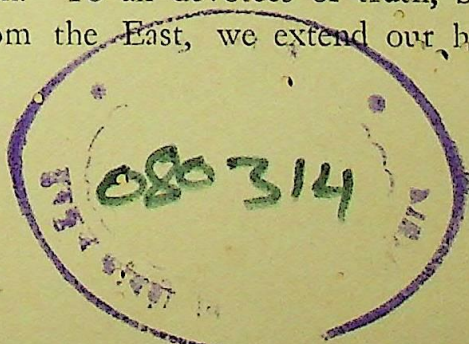
This is VISVABHARATI where the world makes home in a single nest. Briefly we declare its aim :

We are of the faith that Truth is one and undivided, though diverse may be the ways which lead us to it. Through separate paths pilgrims from different lands arrive at the same shrine of Truth. This we verily know.

Knowledge flows in two streams — from the East and from the West. In this unity is perceived the oneness of Truth that pervades and sustains the entire universe. This we avow.

In the realization of this oneness of Truth lies mighty gain, perfect peace and profound good of Man. This we truly believe.

So unto this VISVABHARATI we render our homage by weaving garlands with flowers of learning gathered from all quarters of the earth. To all devotees of truth, both from the West and from the East, we extend our hand with love.







Compiet
1999-2000

